THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Illustrated Weekly Magazine
d A° D: 1728 by Benj. Franklin

SEPT. 8, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

BEGINNING

The Chase of the Golden Plate

By Jacques Futrelle

Vaiti of the Islands

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Shonts of the Isthmus

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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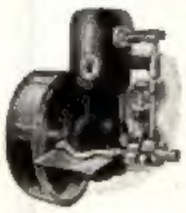

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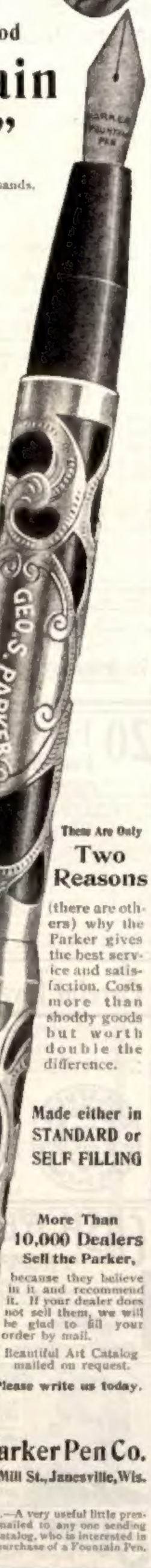

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Women at Shops and Men-at-Arms

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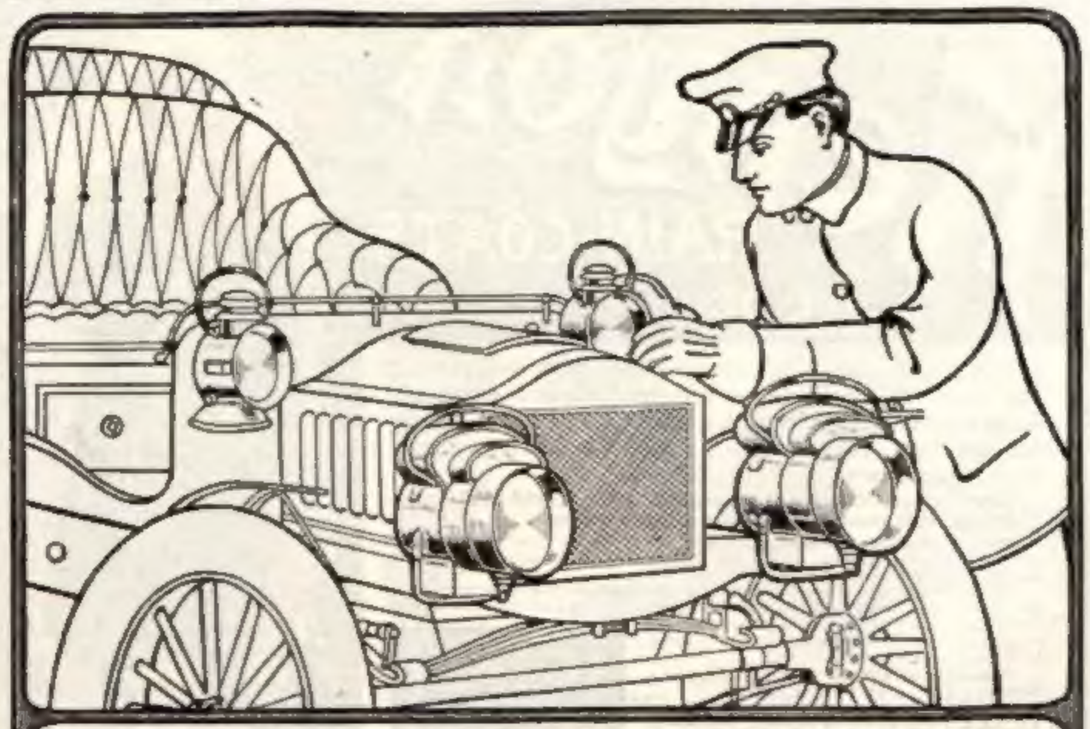
About this, and much more, Mrs. John Van Vorst tells the plain, but witty and amazing, truth in her article on Shopping in Paris, which will appear in our next number.

Admiring critics who have followed the gum-shoe trail of Wallace Irwin will be glad to read his article exposing West Point, A Reign of Drill-Terriers, in his Shame of the Colleges series. For West Point seems to him to be the great experiment in Government Ownership of Colleges—nothing less, in short, than "the United States Military Academy waving the red-tape of Socialism!"



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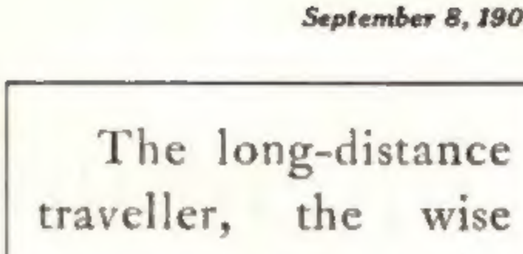

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Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906 Number 10

The Chase of the Golden Plate

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

The Burglar and the Girl

"Certainly, the Casket. Did You Get it All Right?"

"I Never Saw a Man so Startled in All My Life"

I

CARDINAL RICHELIEU and the Mikado stepped out on a narrow balcony overlooking the entrance to Seven Oaks, lighted their cigarettes and stood idly watching the throng as it poured up the wide marble steps. Here was an over-corpulent Dowager Empress of China, there an Indian warrior in full paint and toggery; and mincing along behind him two giggling Geisha girls. Next, in splendid robes of rank, came the Czar of Russia. The Mikado smiled.

"An old enemy of mine," he remarked to the Cardinal.

A Watteau Shepherdess was assisted out of an automobile by Christopher Columbus and they came up the walk arm-in-arm, while a Pierrette ran beside them laughing up into their faces. D'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis and Porthos swaggered along with insolent, clanking swords.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Cardinal. "There are four gentlemen whom I know well."

Mary Queen of Scots, Pocahontas, the Sultan of Turkey and Mr. Micawber chatted amicably together in one language. Behind them came a figure which immediately arrested attention. It was a Burglar, with dark lantern in one hand and revolver in the other. A black mask was drawn down to his lips, a slouch hat shaded his eyes, and a kit of the tools of his profession swung from one shoulder.

"By George!" commented the Cardinal. "Now, that's clever."

"Looks like the real thing," the Mikado added.

The Burglar stood aside a moment, allowing a diamond-burdened Queen Elizabeth to pass, then came on up the steps. The Cardinal and the Mikado passed through an open window into the reception-room to witness his arrival.

"Her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth!" the graven-faced servant announced.

The Burglar handed a card to the liveried Voice and noted, with obvious amusement, a fleeting expression of astonishment on the stolid face. Perhaps it was there because the card had been offered in that hand which held the revolver. The Voice glanced at the name on the card and took a deep breath of relief.

"Bill, the Burglar!" he announced.

There was a murmur of astonishment and interest in the reception-hall and the ballroom beyond. Thus it was that the Burglar found himself the centre of attention for a moment, while a ripple of laughter ran around. The entrance of a Clown, bounding in behind him, drew all eyes away, however, and the Burglar was absorbed in the crowd.

It was only a few minutes later that Cardinal Richelieu and the Mikado, seeking diversion, isolated the Burglar and dragged him off to the smoking-room. There the Czar of Russia, who was on such terms of intimacy with the Mikado that he called him Mike, joined them, and they smoked together.

"How did you ever come to hit on a costume like that?" asked the Cardinal of the Burglar.

The Burglar laughed, disclosing two rows of strong, white teeth, and a cleft in the square-cut, clean-shaven chin, visible below the mask, became more pronounced. A woman would have called it a dimple.

"I wanted something different," he explained. "I couldn't imagine anything more extraordinary than a real burglar here ready to do business, so I came."

"It's lucky the police didn't see you," remarked the Czar.

Again the Burglar laughed. He was evidently a good-natured craftsman, despite his sinister garb.

"That was my one fear—that I would be pinched before I arrived," he replied. "Pinched, I may explain, is a technical term in my profession meaning jugged, nabbed, collared, run in. It seemed that my fears had some foundation, too, for when I drove up in my auto and stepped out a couple of plain-clothes men stared at me pretty hard."

He laid aside the dark lantern and revolver to light a fresh cigarette. The Mikado picked up the lantern and flashed the light on and off several times, while the Czar sighted the revolver at the floor.

"Better not do that," suggested the Burglar casually. "It's loaded."

"Loaded?" repeated the Czar. He laid down the revolver gingerly.

"Surest thing, you know," and the Burglar laughed quizzically. "I'm the real thing, you see, so naturally my revolver is loaded. I think I ought to be able to make quite a good haul, as we say, before unmasking-time."

"If you're as clever as your appearance would indicate," said the Cardinal admiringly, "I see no reason why it shouldn't be worth while. You might, for instance, make a collection of Elizabethan jewels. I have noticed four Elizabeths so far, and it's early yet."

"Oh, I'll make it pay," the Burglar assured him lightly. "I'm pretty clever; practiced a good deal, you know. Just to show you that I am an expert, here is a watch and pin I took from my friend, the Czar, five minutes ago."

He extended a well-gloved hand in which lay the watch and diamond pin. The Czar stared at them a moment in frank astonishment; patted himself all over in sudden trepidation; then laughed sheepishly. The Mikado tilted his cigar up to a level with the slant eyes of his mask, and laughed.

"In the language of diplomacy Nick," he told the Czar, "you are what is known as 'easy.' I thought I had convinced you of that."

"Gad, you are clever," remarked the Cardinal. "I might have used you along with D'Artagnan and the others."

The Burglar laughed again and stood up lazily.

"Come on, this is stupid," he suggested. "Let's go out and see what's doing."

"Say, just between ourselves, tell us who you are," urged the Czar. "Your voice seems familiar, but I can't place you."

"Wait till unmasking-time," retorted the Burglar good-naturedly. "Then you'll know. Or if you think you could bribe that stone image who took my card at the door you might try. He'll remember me. I never saw a man so startled in all my life as he was when I appeared."

The quartet sauntered out into the ballroom just as the signal for the grand march was given. A few minutes later the kaleidoscopic picture began to move. Stuyvesant Randolph, the host, as Sir Walter Raleigh, and his superb wife, as Cleopatra, looked upon the mass of color and found it good—extremely good.

Mr. Randolph smiled behind his mask at the striking incongruities on every hand: Queen Elizabeth and Mr. Micawber; Cardinal Richelieu and a Pierrette; a Clown dancing attendance on Marie Antoinette. The Czar of Russia paid deep and devoted attention to a light-footed Geisha girl, while the Mikado and Folly, a jingling thing in bells and abbreviated skirts, romped together. The grotesque figure of the march was the Burglar. His revolver was thrust carelessly into a pocket and the dark lantern hung at his belt. He was pouring a stream of pleasing nonsense into the august ear of Lady Macbeth, nimbly seeking at the same time to evade the pompous train of the Dowager Empress. The grand march came to an end and the chattering throng broke up into little groups.

Cardinal Richelieu strolled along with a Pierrette on his arm.

"Business good?" he inquired of the Burglar.

"Expect it to be," was the reply.

The Pierrette came and, standing on her tiptoes, made a *moue* at the Burglar.

"Oooh!" she exclaimed. "You are perfectly horrid."

"Thank you," retorted the Burglar.

He bowed gravely, and the Cardinal, with his companion, passed on. The Burglar stood gazing after them a moment, then glanced around the room, curiously, two or three times. He might have been looking for some one. Finally he wandered away.

II

HALF an hour later the Burglar stood alone, thoughtfully watching the dancers as they whirled by. A light hand fell on his arm—he started a little—and in his ear sounded a voice soft with the tone of a caress.

"Excellent, Dick, excellent!"

The Burglar turned quickly to face a girl—a Girl of the Golden West, with deliciously rounded chin, slightly parted rose-red lips, and sparkling, eager eyes as blue as—as blue

as—well, they were blue eyes. An envious mask hid cheeks and brow, but above a sombrero was perched arrogantly on crisp, ruddy-gold hair, flaunting a tricolored ribbon. A revolver swung at her hip—the wrong hip—and a Bowie knife, singularly inoffensive in appearance, was thrust through her girdle. The Burglar looked curiously a moment, then smiled.

"How did you know me?" he asked.

"By your chin," she replied. "You can never hide yourself behind a mask that doesn't cover that."

The Burglar touched his chin with one gloved hand.

"I forgot that," he remarked ruefully.

"Hadn't you seen me?"

"No."

The Girl drew nearer and laid one hand lightly on his arm; her voice dropped mysteriously.

"Is everything ready?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he assured her quickly. His voice, too, was lowered cautiously.

"Did you come in the auto?"

"Yes."

"And the casket?"

For an instant the Burglar hesitated.

"The casket?" he repeated.

"Certainly, the casket. Did you get it all right?"

The Burglar looked at her with a new, businesslike expression on his lips. The Girl returned his steady gaze for an instant, then her eyes dropped. A faint color glowed in her white chin. The Burglar suddenly laughed admiringly.

"Yes, I got it," he said.

She took a deep breath quickly, and her white hands fluttered a little.

"We will have to go in a few minutes, won't we?" she asked uneasily.

"I suppose so," he replied.

"Certainly before unmasking-time," she said, "because—because I think there is some one here who knows, or suspects, that——"

"Suspects what?" demanded the Burglar.

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned the Girl, and she laid a finger on her lips. "Not so loud. Some one might hear. Here are some people coming now that I'm afraid of. They know me. Meet me in the conservatory in five minutes. I don't want them to see me talking to you."

She moved away quickly and the Burglar looked after her with admiration and some impalpable quality other than that in his eyes. He was turning away toward the conservatory when he ran into the arms of an oversized man lumpily clad in the dress of a courtier. The lumpy individual stood back and sized him up.

"Say, young fellow, that's a swell rig you got there," he remarked.

The Burglar glanced at him in polite astonishment—perhaps it was the tone of the remark.

"Glad you like it," he said coldly, and passed on.

As he waited in the conservatory the amusement died out of his eyes and his lips were drawn into a straight, sharp line. He had seen the lumpy individual speak to another man, indicating generally the direction of the conservatory as he did so. After a moment the Girl returned in deep agitation.

"We must go now—at once," she whispered hurriedly. "They suspect us. I know it—I know it!"

"I'm afraid so," said the Burglar grimly. "That's why that detective spoke to me."

"Detective?" gasped the Girl.

"Yes, a detective disguised as a gentleman."

"Oh, if they are watching us, what shall we do?"

The Burglar glanced out, and seeing the man to whom the lumpy individual had spoken coming toward the conservatory, turned suddenly to the Girl.

"Do you really want to go with me?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied eagerly.

"You are making no mistake?"

"No, Dick, no!" she said again. "But if we are caught——"

"Do as I say and we won't be caught," declared the Burglar. His tone now was sharp, commanding. "You go on alone toward the front door. Pass out as if to get a breath of fresh air. I'll follow in a minute. Watch for me. This detective is getting too curious for comfort. Outside we'll take the first auto and run for it."

He thoughtfully whirled the barrel of his revolver in his fingers as he stared out into the ballroom. The Girl clung to him helplessly a moment; her hand trembled on his arm.

"I'm frightened," she confessed. "Oh, Dick, if——"

"Don't lose your nerve," he commanded. "If you do, we'll both be caught. Go on, now, and do as I say. I'll come—but it is possible that I shall come in a hurry. Watch for me."

For just a moment more the Girl clung to his arm.

"Oh, Dick, you darling!" she whispered. Then, turning, she left him there.

From the door of the conservatory the Burglar watched her splendid, lithe figure as she threaded her way through the crowd. Finally she passed beyond his view and he sauntered carelessly toward the door. Once he glanced back. The lumpy individual was following slowly. Then he saw a liveried servant approach the host and whisper to him excitedly.

"This is my cue to move," the Burglar told himself grimly.

"Was it a Pistol-Shot?" Hatch Went on Calmly

Still watching, he saw the servant point directly at him. The host, with a sudden gesture, tore off his mask and the Burglar accelerated his pace.

"Stop that man!" called the host.

For one brief instant there was the dead silence which follows general astonishment—and the Burglar ran for the door. Several pairs of hands reached out from the crowd toward him.

"There he goes—there!" exclaimed the Burglar excitedly. "That man ahead! I'll catch him!"

The ruse opened the way and he went through. The Girl was waiting at the foot of the steps.

"They're coming!" he panted as he dragged her along. "Climb in that last car on the end there!"

Without a word the Girl ran to the auto and clambered into the front seat. Several men dashed out of the house. Wonderingly her eyes followed the vague figure of the Burglar as he sped along in the shadow of a wall. He paused beneath a window, picked up something and raced for the car.

"Stop him!" came a cry.

The Burglar flung his burden, which fell at the Girl's feet with a clatter, and leaped. The auto swayed as he landed beside her. With a quick twist of the wheel he headed out.

"Hurry, Dick, they're coming!" gasped the Girl.

The motor beneath them whirred and panted, and the car began to move.

"Halt, or I'll fire!" came another cry.

"Down!" commanded the Burglar.

His hand fell on the Girl's shoulder heavily and he dragged her below the level of the seat. Then, bending low over the wheel, he gave the car half power. It leaped out into the road in the path of its own light, just as there came a pistol-shot from behind, followed instantly by another.

The car sped on.

III

STUYVESANT RANDOLPH, millionaire, owner of Seven Oaks and host of the masked ball, was able to tell the police only what had happened, and not the manner of its happening. Briefly, this was that a thief, cunningly disguised as a Burglar with dark lantern and revolver in hand, had surreptitiously attended the masked ball by entering at the front door and presenting an invitation-card.

And when Mr. Randolph got this far in his story even *he* couldn't keep his face straight.

The sum total of every one's knowledge, therefore, was this:

Soon after the grand march a servant entered the smoking-room and found the Burglar there alone, standing beside an open window, looking out. This smoking-room connected, by a corridor, with a small dining-room where the Randolph gold plate was kept in ostentatious seclusion. As the servant entered the smoking-room the Burglar turned away from the window and went out into the ballroom. He did not carry a bundle; he did not appear to be excited.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later the servant discovered that eleven plates of the gold service, valued roughly at $15,000, were missing. He informed Mr. Randolph. The information, naturally enough, did not elevate the host's enjoyment of the ball, and he did things hastily.

Meanwhile—that is, between the time when the Burglar left the smoking-room and the time when he passed out the front door—the Burglar had talked earnestly with a masked Girl of the West. It was established that, when she left him in the conservatory, she went out the front door. There she was joined by the Burglar, and then came their sensational flight in the automobile—a forty-horse-power car that moved like the wind. The automobile in which the Burglar had gone to Seven Oaks was left behind; thus far it had not been claimed.

The identity of the Burglar and the Girl made the mystery. It was easy to conjecture—that's what the police said—how the Burglar got away with the gold plate. He went into the smoking-room, then into the dining-room, dropped the gold plate into a sack and threw the sack out of a window. It was beautifully simple. Just what the Girl had to do with it wasn't very clear; perhaps a score or more articles of jewelry, which had been reported missing by guests, engaged her attention.

It was also easy to see how the Burglar and the Girl had been able to shake off pursuit by the police in two other automobiles. The car they had chosen was admittedly the fastest of the scores there, the night was pitch-dark, and, besides, a Burglar like that was liable to do anything. Two shots had been fired at him by the lumpy courtier, who was really Detective Cunningham, but they had only spurred him on.

These things were easy to understand. But the identity of the pair was a different and more difficult proposition, and there remained the task of yanking them out of obscurity. This fell to the lot of Detective Mallory, who represented the Supreme Police Intelligence of the Metropolitan District, happily combining a No. 11 shoe and a No. 6 hat. He was a cautious, suspicious, far-seeing man—as police-detectives go. For instance, it was he who explained the method of the theft with a lucidity that was astounding.

Detective Mallory and two or three of his satellites heard Mr. Randolph's story, then the statements of his two men who had attended the ball in costume, and the statements of the servants. After all this Mr. Mallory chewed his cigar and thought violently for several minutes. Mr. Randolph looked on expectantly; he didn't want to miss anything.

"As I understand it, Mr. Randolph," said the Supreme Police Intelligence at last, "each invitation-card presented at the door by your guests bore the name of the person to whom it was issued?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Randolph.

"Ah!" exclaimed the detective shrewdly. "Then we have a clue."

"Where are those cards, Curtis?" asked Mr. Randolph of the servant who had received them at the door.

"I didn't know they were of further value, sir, and they were thrown away—into the furnace."

Mr. Mallory was crestfallen.

"Did you notice if the card presented at the door by the Burglar on the evening of the masked ball at Seven Oaks bore a name?" he asked. He liked to be explicit like that.

"Yes, sir. I noticed it particularly because the gentleman was dressed so queerly."

"Do you remember the name?"

"No, sir."

"Would you remember it if you saw it or heard it again?"

The servant looked at Mr. Randolph helplessly.

"I don't think I would, sir," he answered.

"And the Girl? Did you notice the card she gave you?"

"I don't remember her at all, sir. Many of the ladies wore wraps when they came in, and her costume would not have been noticeable if she had on a wrap."

The Supreme Intelligence was thoughtful for another few minutes. At last he turned to Mr. Randolph again.

"You are certain there was only *one* man at that ball dressed as a Burglar?" he asked.

"Yes, thank Heaven," replied Mr. Randolph fervently. "If there'd been another one they might have taken the piano."

The Supreme Intelligence frowned.

"And this girl was dressed like a Western Girl?" he asked.

"Yes. A sort of Spirit of the West costume."

"And no other woman there wore such a dress?"

"No," responded Mr. Randolph.

"No," echoed the two detectives.

"Now, Mr. Randolph, how many invitations were issued for the ball?"

"Three or four hundred. It's a big house," Mr. Randolph apologized, "and we tried to do the thing properly."

"How many persons do you suppose actually attended the ball?"

"Oh, I don't know. Three hundred, perhaps."

Detective Mallory thought again.

"It's unquestionably the work of two bold and clever professional crooks," he said at last judicially, and his satellites hung on his words eagerly. "It has every earmark of it. They perhaps planned the thing weeks before, and forged invitation-cards, or perhaps stole them—perhaps stole them."

He turned suddenly and pointed an accusing finger at the servant, Curtis.

"Did you notice the handwriting on the card the Burglar gave you?" he demanded.

"No, sir. Not particularly."

"I mean, do you recall if it was different in any way from the handwriting on the other cards?" insisted the Supreme Intelligence.

"I don't think it was, sir."

"If it had been would you have noticed it?"

"I—I might have, sir."

"Were the names written on all the invitation-cards by the same hand, Mr. Randolph?"

"Yes: my wife's secretary."

Detective Mallory arose and paced back and forth across the room with wrinkles in his brow.

"Ah!" he said at last, "then we know the cards were *not* forged, but stolen from some one to whom they had been sent. We know this much, therefore——" he paused a moment.

"Therefore all that must be done," Mr. Randolph finished the sentence, "is to find from whom the card or cards were stolen, who presented them at my door and who got away with the plate."

The Supreme Intelligence glared at him aggressively. Mr. Randolph's face was perfectly serious. It was his gold plate, you know.

"Yes, that's it," Detective Mallory assented. "Now we'll get after this thing right. Downey, you get that automobile the Burglar left at Seven Oaks and find its owner; also find the car the Burglar and the Girl escaped in. Cunningham, you go to Seven Oaks and look over the premises. See particularly if the Girl left a wrap—she didn't wear one away from there—and follow that up. Blanton, you take a list of invited guests that Mr. Randolph will give you, check off those persons who are known to have been at the ball, and find out all about those who were not, and—follow that up."

"That'll take weeks!" complained Blanton.

The Supreme Intelligence turned on him fiercely.

"Well?" he demanded. He continued to stare for a moment, and Blanton wrinkled up in the baleful glow of his superior's scorn. "And," Detective Mallory added magnanimously, "I will do the rest."

Thus the campaign was planned against the Burglar and the Girl.

IV

HUTCHINSON HATCH was a newspaper reporter, a long, lean, hungry-looking young man with an insatiable appetite for facts. This last was, perhaps, an astonishing trait in a reporter; and Hatch was positively finicky on the point. That's why his City Editor believed in him. If Hatch had come in and told his City Editor that he had seen a blue elephant with pink side-whiskers his City Editor would have *known* that that elephant was blue—mentally, morally, physically, spiritually and everlastingly—not any washed-out green or purple, but blue.

Hatch was remarkable in other ways, too. For instance he believed in the use of a little human intelligence in his profession. As a matter of fact, on several occasions he had demonstrated that it was really an excellent thing—human intelligence. His mind was well poised, his methods thorough, his style direct.

Along with dozens of others Hatch was at work on the Randolph robbery, and knew what the others knew—no more. He had studied the case so closely that he was beginning to believe, strangely enough, that perhaps the police were right in their theory as to the identity of the Burglar and the Girl—that is, that they were professional crooks. He could do a thing like that sometimes—bring his mind around to admit the possibility of somebody else being right.

It was on Saturday afternoon—two days after the Randolph affair—that Hatch was sitting in Detective Mallory's private office at Police Headquarters laboriously extracting from the Supreme Intelligence the precise things he had not found out about the robbery. The telephone-bell rang. Hatch got one end of the conversation—he couldn't help it. It was something like this:

"Hello! . . . Yes, Detective Mallory. . . . Missing? . . . What's her name? . . . What? . . . Oh, Dorothy! . . . Yes? . . . Merritt? . . . Oh, Merryman! . . . Well, what the deuce is it then? . . . *SPELL IT!* . . . M-e-r-e-d-i-t-h. Why didn't you say that at first? . . . How long has she been gone? . . . Huh? . . . Thursday evening? . . . What does she look like? . . . Auburn hair? Red, you mean? . . . Oh, ruddy! I'd like to know what's the difference."

The detective had drawn up a pad of paper and was jotting down what Hatch imagined to be the description of a missing girl. Then:

"Who is this talking?" asked the detective.

There was a little pause as he got the answer, and, having the answer, he whistled his astonishment, after which he glanced around quickly at the reporter, who was staring dreamily out of a window.

"No," said the Supreme Intelligence over the 'phone. "It wouldn't be wise to make it public. It isn't necessary at all. I understand. I'll order a search immediately. No. The newspapers will get nothing of it. Good-by."

"A story?" inquired Hatch carelessly as the detective hung up the receiver.

"Doesn't amount to anything," was the reply.

"Yes, that's obvious," remarked the reporter dryly.

"Well, whatever it is, it is not going to be made public," retorted the Supreme Intelligence sharply. He never did like Hatch, anyway. "It's one of those things that don't do any good in the newspapers, so I'll not let this one get there."

Hatch yawned to show that he had no further interest in the matter, and went out. But there was the germ of an idea in his head which would have startled Detective Mallory, and he paced up and down outside to develop it. A girl missing! A red-headed girl missing! A red-headed girl missing since Thursday! Thursday was the night of the Randolph masked ball. The missing Girl of the West was red-headed! Mallory had seemed astonished when he learned the name of the person who reported this last case! Therefore the person who reported it was high up—perhaps! Certainly high enough up to ask and receive the courtesy of police suppression—and the missing girl's name was Dorothy Meredith!

Hatch stood still for a long time on the curb and figured it out. Suddenly he rushed off to a telephone and called up Stuyvesant Randolph at Seven Oaks. He asked the first question with trepidation:

"Mr. Randolph, can you give me the address of Miss Dorothy Meredith?"

"Miss Meredith?" came the answer. "Let's see. I think she is stopping with the Morgan Greytons, at their suburban place."

The reporter gulped down a shout. "Worked, by thunder!" he exclaimed to himself. Then, in a deadly, forced calm:

"She attended the masked ball Thursday evening, didn't she?"

"Well, she was invited."

"You didn't see her there?"

"No. Who *is* this?"

Then Hatch hung up the receiver. He was nearly choking with excitement, for, in addition to all those virtues which have been enumerated, he possessed, too, the quality of enthusiasm. It was no part of his purpose to tell anybody anything. Mallory didn't know, he was confident, anything of the girl having been a possible guest at the ball. And what Mallory didn't know now wouldn't be found out, all of which was a sad reflection upon the detective.

In this frame of mind Hatch started for the suburban place of the Greytons. He found the house without difficulty. Morgan Greyton was an aged gentleman of wealth and exclusive ideas—and wasn't in. Hatch handed a card, bearing only his name, to a maid, and after a few minutes Mrs. Greyton appeared. She was a motherly, sweet-faced old lady of seventy, with that grave, exquisite courtesy which makes mere man feel ashamed of himself. Hatch had that feeling when he looked at her and thought of what he was going to ask.

"I came up direct from Police Headquarters," he explained diplomatically, "to learn any details you may be able to give us as to the disappearance of Miss Meredith."

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Greyton. "My husband said he was going to ask the police to look into the matter. It is most mysterious—most mysterious! We can't imagine where Dollie is, unless she has eloped. Do you know that idea keeps coming to me and won't go away?"

She spoke as if it were a naughty child.

"If you'll tell me something about Miss Meredith—who she is and all that?" Hatch suggested.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Greyton. "Dollie is a distant cousin of my husband's sister's husband," she explained precisely. "She lives in Baltimore, but is visiting us. She has been here for several weeks. She's a dear, sweet girl, but I'm afraid—afraid she has eloped."

The aged voice quivered a little, and Hatch was more ashamed of himself than ever.

"Some time ago she met a man named Herbert—Richard Herbert, I think, and——"

"Dick Herbert?" the reporter exclaimed suddenly.

"Do you know the young gentleman?" inquired the old lady eagerly.

"Yes, it just happens that we were classmates in Harvard," said the reporter.

"And is he a nice young man?"

(Continued on Page 20)

It Leaped Out into the Road in the Path of its Own Light

THE UNDERLING

An Averted Scandal and the Ordeal by Fire

By WILL PAYNE

He Strode Out as Though He was Going to Strangle Somebody

I

NOBODY in particular had ever heard of the Inspector of Locks and Keys in the Post-Office Department until his wife filed a bill for divorce containing charges so comprehensively objectionable that a moral family press was sure to elevate the defendant into temporary celebrity. Whereupon the President summarily discharged him.

Buckley was of a passionate disposition. He went over the brink, not contritely, but in a consuming rage. The second day after his dismissal he went to the Upper National Bank and closeted himself with Cooper, head of that institution.

Lundy, an assistant cashier, saw him come out of the bank-president's office—a big, formidable barrel of a man in somewhat seedy clothes, with a great, bull-like neck and head, his face a kind of hard, coppery red shading to purple at the end of his large nose, his hair sparse and grayish, his popping light blue eyes thatched with heavy black brows, and an unpleasant roll of fat over the back of his collar. He glared with impersonal malevolence at the assistant cashier and strode out as though he was going to strangle somebody and was keen for the job.

Lundy's soft nerves fluttered a bit from the glare. He raised his sandy eyebrows in mild surprise, and fixed the large spectacles more firmly on his nose. He was middle-aged, spare and light-complexioned, with an almost colorless mustache that curled in around his mouth in a manner that someway suggested a rabbit. For thirteen years he had held a head-clerkship in the office of the Comptroller of the Currency. Senator Farmer had got him the post and kept him in it through two Democratic Administrations. He knew more about the currency than anybody else. When Cooper resigned as Comptroller, and he and Senator Farmer organized the Upper National Bank, they had taken Lundy out of the Government service and made him an assistant cashier of the new institution. His ambition had then spread its fledgling wings; but the higher flight had never come off. After ten years he was still an assistant cashier; still knew more about the currency than anybody else.

President Cooper looked out of his office and called: "Oh, Sam!"

The moment Lundy entered the president's room he saw that his patron and chief was mightily disturbed. The banker was a large man, also, with an air, usually, of genial and overfed prosperity. He was nice about his dress and his tall, handsome person. His ruddy face was always smoothly, even glossily, shaven. His neatly parted blond hair was wavy. He was on the right side of fifty; but time and a convivial habit had endowed him with a well-rounded paunch and a fine double chin. Now, anger had turned him a kind of tallowy white; and he shut the door behind the assistant cashier with a decisive bang.

"Sam, that miserable, nasty wretch has been in here trying to blackmail me!—Buckley, you know!" He breathed short, which made his utterance a trifle thick, and he moved restlessly about. "He's been going to the dogs for five years. By George, a decent dog wouldn't associate with him! Of course the President fired him. Why shouldn't he?"

"I guess he's pretty low-down," Lundy observed, since something seemed required.

"Low-down? Why—I should say so!" Adequate words seemed to fail the banker. He dropped the curtain-cord in which he had been nervously tying knots, and came over and sat on the table in a more intimate way.

"Now he comes here trying to blackmail me, Sam! To hold me up for fifty thousand dollars! I told him if he ever came in the bank again I'd have a policeman take him to the station!" The outrage overcame the banker afresh. His face more than regained its wonted color. His eyeballs looked a bit congested; and he expressed himself in a string of highly-seasoned adjectives, all descriptive of Buckley. "You know what it means, Sam, to have a fellow like that get his hands on you! He'd bleed you dry! Dry, by George!" Cooper sprang up and struck his fist into his palm. "I wouldn't submit to it if I had a million a minute to burn! I wouldn't let that cur get his hands on me! And he, by George, to talk about smirching the name of John Farmer!"

There was a certain noble dignity in the banker's wrath. Lundy understood him—the gentleman; the well-appointed, physically clean, socially select man repudiating fellowship with the gutter. Cooper and John Farmer were akin. The great and urbane Senator, whose genius had created much, had been of this mould.

"I wasn't John's executor for nothing," Cooper added with pride. "By George, I couldn't look Nell Vanness in the face if I let a Buckley pup think he could blackmail her father's memory!"

"What is he up to?" Lundy inquired simply.

"Oh, he knows something about that Postal Facilities Company," said the banker with huge contempt. He put a brotherly hand on the assistant cashier's shoulder and nodded. "We'll send the cur home howling if he thinks he can make anything out of that!"

Lundy went back to his den and took up the grind of details in which his diligence and technical knowledge made him adept. The desks of the vice-president, the cashier and the other assistant cashier were ranged along the marble counter near the entrance. But Lundy had a little stall in the corner next the president's room. His clerical duties required no contact with the patrons of the bank. Few of them knew he was there.

Jimmy, his particular messenger-boy, stood at the end of his desk, waiting to carry away the sheaf of vouchers that he was rapidly signing.

"Well, Jimmy, been fishing yet?" Lundy asked, smiling, but with his eyes on the work his adept hand was doing.

"Going to-morrow," said the boy. "Say, Mr. Lundy, I'm going to have a gun! Ned Brewster's promised me a setter pup!"

"Pup, eh? Well, be sure and don't shoot your pup with your gun!" Lundy smiled more broadly at his joke, his swift fingers turning the vouchers as he put his initials to them.

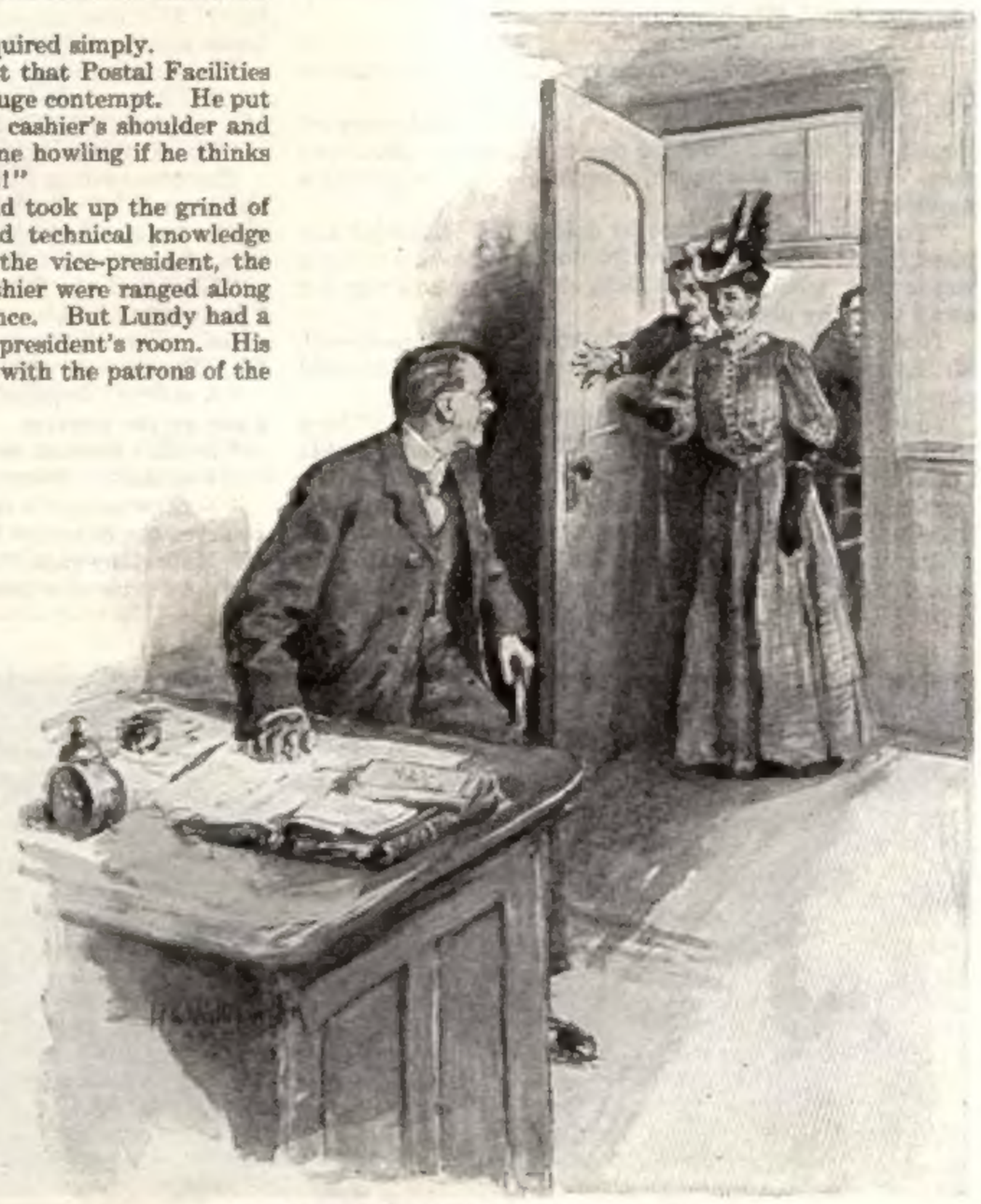
Jimmy was almost the only person he visited with. His loquacious landlady visited with him, and he suffered it gallantly. On his yearly vacation he went back to the little home-town in Ohio where he was a person of note, and talked politics gravely with his perpetually unlucky brother-in-law, whose family he mostly supported. Otherwise he agreed with his fellow-boarders, or with acquaintances encountered in the street-cars, that it was a fine day, or that it looked like rain. Sometimes he joined their discussions of the things in the day's newspaper. His wife had died the year Farmer got him the post in the Comptroller's office. Many times he had been obliged to tell the volubly solicitous landlady that he did not believe in second marriages, even when there were no children. He was quite aware that she had therefore created for him a great, tender, one-only-love romance, which hadn't any particular foundation in fact, but which got him many convenient little favors, such as tea before breakfast and a grate fire on damp days, at her fat and sympathetic hands.

The little clock on his desk showed half-past two. He had been glancing up at it rather frequently of late. He would not step to the door of his den to look around the spacious, marble-walled banking-room, and he kept on steadily with his work; but his mind hung upon the space outside, waiting. His acute senses even told him when the cashier gallantly ran to open the small bronze gate which gave ingress behind the counter. Still, he would not look up, and he pretended to be surprised when she stood in the door of his den and said: "Hello, Sam!"

"Why, Mrs. Vanness!" he said, as he stood up to shake hands.

Senator Farmer's daughter was thirty, and looked the young matron. The features did not matter particularly, although they were, in detail, a fair brow, a pair of sweet-tempered brown eyes, a little straight nose, and a short upper lip that hovered to a smile on any provocation and would have borne a faint growth of down if she had not kept herself in good hands.

She asked how he was and what he had been doing, as usual, and he replied with the formulas she knew by heart. "I'll expect you next Sunday, sure! No getting out of it now!" she warned, and laughed, and went away.



He Pretended to be Surprised When She Said: "Hello, Sam!"

This happened regularly. For a time she had tried to make him at home in her house by friendly general invitations. But he would come only when she invited him for a particular day. She had tried him with more formal things—little dinners and the like. He had always gravely pleaded a previous engagement. Now, once in so often, she came to his den and told him he must come the next Sunday afternoon. Almost always he found people there who paid no attention to him. Often he sat half an hour in a corner. Yet, when she came for him in this way, he always went.

She had no very definite idea as to why she persisted in going for him—except that her soft heart obscurely felt in him a principle which ever sought to elude and slip away from life, and which prompted her to fetch him up to a contact with it by sheer force, so to speak. Of course, he loved her; but that was merely an impersonal fact, like the moon or the wind.

II

AS LUNDY stepped from the street-car in the Capitol grounds his ear caught the far sound of a clock tolling twelve. His eyes turned mechanically to the mighty, domed pile before him. A flag slid to the top of the pole on the north wing and streamed out in the clear, frosty air. A moment later the Stars and Stripes fluttered up and unfurled above the south wing. Of course, this raising of the flags meant merely that the Senate and House were in session; but for an instant it gave the assistant cashier an obscurely depressing suggestion of the Government of the United States summoning Samuel Lundy to appear and testify.

The raging Buckley had shot his bolt—which, in effect, consisted of a charge that the Postal Facilities Company, that supplied the Post-Office Department with a number of devices extensively used in handling the mails, had been really owned by officials of the Department—until the graft got so good that Senator Farmer, then chairman of the Senate's postal committee and all-powerful in the affairs of the Department, had made the little fellows sell their stock to himself and some of his potent friends. The charge was quite circumstantial in some respects. About this time, a great many people had been charging a great many disagreeable things—thereby creating a general and irritating atmosphere of suspicion. So, after due deliberation, the leaders of the Senate had decided to have a full and free investigation of Buckley's charges by a select committee. The first day of the hearing had gone badly for the accuser. It had been shown that the Postal Facilities Company was, in fact, owned by the Consolidated Patent Rights Corporation, which had bought up the stock some four years previously and which, whatever its sins, was certainly not a clique of Senators and Cabinet officials, such as Buckley alleged to be the owner of the concern. The Patent Rights men testified that they had bought up the stock "here and there," but none of it from any member of either house of Congress or any employee of the Post-Office Department. The old stock-ledger of the company, showing who originally owned the shares, seemed to have been lost or mislaid; but, after the Patent Rights testimony that no stock had been bought from anybody connected with the Government, the select committee thought that fact unimportant. Thus the investigation, so far, had decidedly tended to brand Mr. Buckley as an imaginative and copious liar.

It was the selectness of the committee that impressed Lundy as he entered the room on the ground-floor of the Senate wing where the hearing was held. The room was not large, and the attendance rather overtaxed it. The hearings were public. There was nothing to be concealed. Senator Pilger, the bland and ponderous chairman, was taking his seat at the head of the table with a benevolent air.

Lundy was called to the witness-chair, and took the oath. His spectacles slowly ranged the faces, from Pilger to Barstow, at the head of the table and along the opposite side. These five men of commonplace aspect, in every-day clothes, indistinguishable by any outward symbol from any citizen on the street, were grand seigniors of the greatest empire in the world. Their coats were such as any one might buy for a few dollars; but their hands were full of imperial power. And they were all good friends of John Farmer. He had been their peer and fellow. Their power upheld a certain conservative system, of which the dead Senator had been a doughty champion. If Lundy had been a bit depressed out there in the crisp sunshine, with the Capitol looming above him, he now threw off the oppression. The obscure assistant cashier understood perfectly well the inner meaning of the scene.

Under mild promptings by the chairman, Lundy gave his testimony concisely: He couldn't tell exactly when he first heard of the Postal Facilities Company. He knew, however, that it owned valuable patents; seemed to have a promising future. Along in 1898, he learned that some stock might be picked up at a fair price. He set about buying it for his own account, as an investment. He succeeded in getting hold of a number of small lots. Not long afterward the Patent Rights men made him a good offer for his stock, and he sold to them. That was all he knew about it, first and last. Three men from whom he bought small lots were, he understood, in the employ of the Post-Office Department. One of them, Buckley, he knew was so employed. Buckley had twenty-five shares, as he remembered it. The other two men whom he understood to be employees had ten and twelve shares respectively. So far as he knew, none of the others from whom he bought stock was in the Government service. Of course, some of them might have been without his knowing it. Naturally, all he was thinking about at the time was getting the stock from whoever held it. In fact, some of his stock was bought through brokers.

"You have mentioned one Buckley," said the chairman mildly. "How did you come to buy his stock?"

"I can't remember how I learned he had stock—probably from some other stockholder or a broker. I remember sending him word that I'd like to see him, and his coming to the bank. My recollection is that he wanted $175 a share, which I thought too much, and we compromised on $160."

"Was the late Senator Farmer connected in any way with that transaction?"

"Senator Farmer never mentioned such a thing to me in any way."

"You were not an officer of the company?"

"No, sir."

"None of its books or records in your possession?"

"No, sir."

Senator Pilger glanced benignly at his colleagues. "Any further questions?"

Red Flakes Scurried Upward, Like the Affrighted Souls of the Secrets He was Killing

Evidently there were none, and the witness was about to arise when a most unusual interruption occurred. Buckley leapt from his seat in the corner, livid almost to the end of his nose.

"Will you let me cross-examine him two minutes?" he cried.

There was a sensation in the room.

The chairman turned his chubby, bespectacled face to Buckley with no change in his bland manner. "The hearing is open," he suggested gently, "to all orderly persons. Others must, of course, retire."

"Two minutes, Senator! I swear I'll show him up!" Buckley pleaded; and there was that in his passion which evidently impressed the room. As the reporters bent forward breathlessly, one could fairly see scare headlines in their excited faces.

For some minutes Senator Brainbridge had been silently, but shrewdly and favorably, appraising this obscure witness—as one who recognizes a trustworthy workman when he sees him. The Senator also appraised the sensation in the room. He now spoke—with a quite casual and indifferent air. "If the gentleman wishes to make a statement, I suppose we might as well hear it now—if he will be brief." He glanced at his watch.

The chairman regarded his able colleague thoughtfully for a moment; then turned his bland, bespectacled gaze upon the witness; then slightly elevated his eyebrows, as one good-naturedly resigning himself. "Let him be sworn," he said. "We adjourn in five minutes."

Buckley took the oath, standing beside the witness-chair, with a kind of famished eagerness. He evidently had some difficulty in controlling his voice. "No matter how I got my stock," he said. "I was an inspector in the Department. In fact, they let me buy it mostly on credit and pay for it out of the dividends. The company earned twenty per cent. The chief of our division came to me and said we'd got to sell our stock; that Farmer demanded it—said it was too grafty, too raw for us fellows to have stock when we were passing on the machines. Of course I knew what that meant—that Farmer wanted it for himself and his friends. But what could I do against Farmer? I went to Henry Tracey, Farmer's secretary, as Mercer told me to. I hung out for $200 a share—a bluff on my part, for I knew I'd have to take what they offered. Finally, we agreed on $160. Tracey gave me a memorandum to this man Lundy. I took the memorandum to Lundy at the Upper National Bank between two and half-past two the afternoon of May 12, 1898. Lundy just looked at the memorandum Tracey had given me, took my stock and gave me the money. I was in there not over five minutes. And that's all there is to his story about sending for me and dickering with me. I don't believe he ever had any money of his own to buy anything with. Ask him that! But wait. The stock-ledger of the Postal Facilities Company was in this man Lundy's hands. It lay right there on his desk, that afternoon of May 12, 1898, and I'll tell you why I can't be mistaken. Lundy took this memorandum that Tracey had given me and pinned it to my stock and put it in an envelope. You understand? Now, I was sore at having to sell my stock. And when Lundy made out a check, I says to him: 'I want the currency. Get me the hard cash!' So Lundy picked up this envelope and slipped it between the leaves of a book there on his desk and stepped out to the teller's cage to get the cash. And that book was the stock-ledger of the Postal Facilities Company. I saw it plain as day. For, the minute Lundy stepped out, I caught up the book and took out the envelope and got my stock out of it, and unpinned Tracey's memorandum and stuck that memorandum in my pocket and put the stock back. I just wanted to keep that little memorandum in Henry Tracey's hand. I did keep it. And here it is now—so help me!—just as I took it to Lundy the afternoon of May 12, 1898!"

With that he took from his wallet a slip of paper, laid it on the table under Lundy's nose, and planted his big fist on the corner of it with an air of triumph.

The sensation deepened. One correspondent, craning forward to see the slip of paper, almost fell out of his chair.

Lundy stared down at the exhibit under his nose. The memorandum was not signed or addressed to any one.

(Continued on Page 22)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Vanderlip's Upper Register

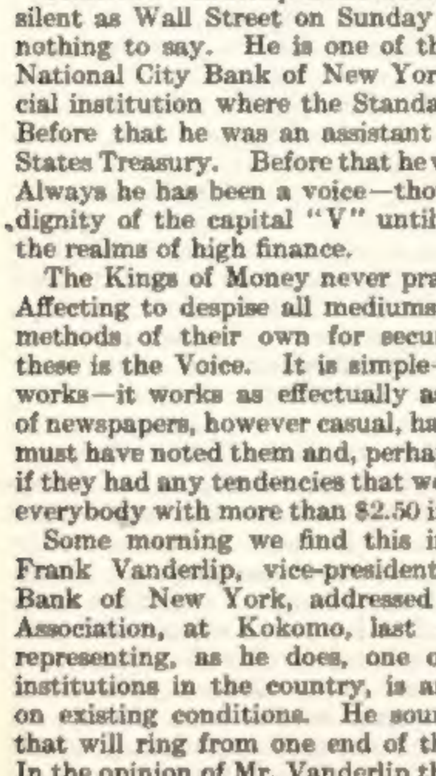
THE Voice of Millions! Sounds impressive, doesn't it? The Voice of Millions! Fine, mouth-filling phrase. And when one comes to know the millions referred to represent dollars and not people—for dollars are more important than people in the places where the Voice is heard oftenest—one admits that the designation not only sounds, but is, important.

Frank A. Vanderlip is the Voice, orotund when desired; silent as Wall Street on Sunday when the millions have nothing to say. He is one of the vice-presidents of the National City Bank of New York, that enormous financial institution where the Standard Oil money is bulked. Before that he was an assistant secretary of the United States Treasury. Before that he was a reporter in Chicago. Always he has been a voice—though not attaining to the dignity of the capital "V" until he was transplanted to the realms of high finance.

The Kings of Money never practice what they preach. Affecting to despise all mediums of publicity, they have methods of their own for securing publicity. One of these is the Voice. It is simple—almost childish, but it works—it works as effectually as a wash-sale. Readers of newspapers, however casual, have often seen the results, must have noted them and, perhaps, have been influenced, if they had any tendencies that were susceptible, as almost everybody with more than $2.50 in cash has.

Some morning we find this in our newspaper: "Mr. Frank Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, addressed the Indiana Bankers' Association, at Kokomo, last night. Mr. Vanderlip, representing, as he does, one of the greatest banking institutions in the country, is amply qualified to speak on existing conditions. He sounded a note of warning that will ring from one end of the country to the other. In the opinion of Mr. Vanderlip this is a time for retrenchment. He sees great danger in overspeculation. He advises strict conservatism. In fact, he was pessimistic about the situation. Mr. Vanderlip was received with cheers when he arose, and spoke substantially as follows."—And then there comes a column of the note of alarm.

On another morning we observe this: "Mr. Frank Vanderlip, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York, one of the greatest financial institutions in the country, spoke before the State Board of Trade of Georgia, at Atlanta, last night. Coming, as he does, from this powerful banking institution and in close touch with all the great interests in the country, Mr. Vanderlip's speech was especially significant. He spoke in the most optimistic and hopeful manner. He said that, in his opinion, there is not a cloud on the financial sky. He predicted a period of wonderful expansion and advised all those who were so situated as to make it possible to go freely into the markets, for, in his opinion, there was no danger ahead. He did not urge speculation, of course, for Mr. Vanderlip is a banker and not a broker, but he said that this is a good time for investment. Mr. Vanderlip was roundly cheered when he arose and spoke substantially as follows."—And then comes the column of sunshine and happy days.



If there is a panic we read: "Speaking for the National City Bank, Mr. Vanderlip said." If there is a great bull market it is always: "Speaking for the National City Bank, Mr. Vanderlip said." The Voice of Millions! And it is a good job, a very good job.

The National City Bank crowd found Vanderlip in the Treasury. He was an assistant secretary. There are three of these officials, who have various divisions of the work of that wonderful institution under their charge. Vanderlip had arrived from Chicago when Lyman J. Gage came to take the secretaryship. He came as secretary to the secretary, a combination found only in Washington in its fullest and broadest development. A secretary to a secretary is somebody. A secretary to a secretary of a secretary isn't much, and a secretary to the secretary of the secretary to the secretary is a mere stenographer. Vanderlip had been a financial writer in Chicago, and Gage liked him. He is a good-looking chap, with a cordial manner and a warm and clinging handclasp, and Gage put him in the big room outside his little one to greet the visitors and keep as many of them away from Gage as possible.

Vanderlip was a success. Gage promoted him as soon as there was a chance. After that Vanderlip sailed easily into prosperity and vocal fame. When Gage went to New York he arranged to put Vanderlip in the National City Bank. The National City people were glad to get Vanderlip, for he is an impressive person with a knack of public speaking. Besides, he had been a newspaper-man for years and he knew how to deal with the reporters, how to give out news, and how not to, and he knew all about the Treasury. That was a combination of most excellent qualities, and it appealed to the bankers.

They gave Vanderlip a pot of money for salary, installed him as one of their numerous vice-presidents—which was a great promotion for a chap who had been writing financial news for the Chicago newspapers a few years ago—and told him what to do. Vanderlip was not feazed. If they had made him president of the bank it would have been as simple a matter to him as it was to assume the duties now set apart for him. He buckled to it. Presently the high financiers wanted something said. Vanderlip said it, in good English, smoothly, with the points in the proper places and with tremendous seriousness.

"Who?" asked the public, listening for the merest whisper from the fountain-head of financial wisdom. "Who is Vanderlip?"

"Ah, yes," was the next remark, after the second line had been read, "vice-president of the National City—Rockefeller institution—sure—knows what he is talking about. Let's see what he says. No danger of panic—all serene——"

That established Vanderlip as the Voice. The modest and shrinking citizens who control billions had to have him. He was too clever to let go. Since that time he has been versatile and ubiquitous. He has given out an occasional interview—only an occasional one, for he knows that the man who is constantly in the papers has not the force of the man who gets in rarely, but gets in with something to say. He has made some speeches, generally before financial bodies and always on "the situation" as viewed in the exact middle of the centre of the farthest inside ring. He has written very capable magazine articles that have been quoted widely. His remarks have been used by editorial writers as texts for learned disquisitions on prosperity and that sort of thing, and, with it all, he has come to be an expert in bonds, the department of the city bank of which he has charge.

Vanderlip is a cheerful, unctuous sort of a person, who "makes a good front" as the language of trade has it. He talks interestingly and has a manner that adds weight to his words. It is a fine sight to see him delivering his message of calamity or cheer to the assembled bankers, or to any other assemblage before which he may deem it advisable to say a few words on some topic that is important at the moment. He talks easily, with graceful gestures, and speaks of millions and billions as if he considered those amounts only loose change. Familiarity with money incites a method of patronizing reference to it that appals the man who is constantly wondering how he can pay the landlord and the tailor in the same week and have anything left for the table. Still, with Vanderlip, the Voice is always the Voice of Authority, never the Voice of Surmise.

He takes himself pretty seriously, too, as is natural for a young man who was writing pieces about the Chicago wheat-pit in 1896 and is now speaking pieces about the money-market of the United States, with an occasional whirl at the financial affairs of the whole world. When the ponderous Witte, the silent Komura, the inscrutable Sato, the dapper Rosen, and all the rest, were at Portsmouth last summer making a treaty of peace between Japan and Russia, Vanderlip came to the Hotel Wentworth one evening.

There were thirty or forty Washington newspaper correspondents there, each one of whom knew Vanderlip. They gathered around and said, collectively:

"Hello, Vanderlip! What are you doing here?"

Vanderlip waved them all away. Without a smile, he went to the desk and registered as "John Graham." He was shown to his room as John Graham and as John Graham had a conference with the Russians. Next morning he went away as John Graham, although every paper in the world that prints telegraphic news had the fact that Vanderlip had been there, and that he was a vice-president of the National City Bank and represented great financial interests—and most of the papers knew exactly why he came and what he said.

That was a curious little melodramatic by-play of Vanderlip's that made everybody, even the solemn Karostovitz, laugh—that is, everybody but Vanderlip. He carried it out to the bitter end. He went to Portsmouth as John Graham, and he remained John Graham, officially, until he left. It showed a notable Vanderlip trait, the submersion of identity in the thing at hand. When he is the Voice, he is the Voice, and that is all there is to it; also, that is why he is now a vice-president of the biggest bank in the United States.

Vanderlip has prospects. A good Voice is to be preferred to riches, for the Kings of Money can get riches as easily as they can breathe, and easier than the asthmatic ones can, but the right kind of a Voice is hard to find. Almost every bunch of High Financiers has a Voice, none more eloquent, none more authoritative than Vanderlip.

You see, when Pessimism stalks abroad through the land, stocks can be bought at low prices, and when Optimism smiles on our people, stocks can be sold at a profit.

You see that, do you? Well, then, you have an inkling of why the Voice has prospects, prospects that make every other writer of financial news wish to High Heaven he could get a job in the Treasury of the United States and thus attract the attention to his vocal abilities of the gentlemen who do deeds of high emprise on the money fields of the world.

Tears, Idle Tears!

WHEN Alexander III, father of the present Czar, died, President Cleveland was in the White House. The news first came to Washington by bulletin to the old United Press. P. V. DeGraw, now fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, was then manager for the United Press. Rivalry was keen between the United Press and the Associated

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

Press, and DeGraw thought to get a little advertising by hurrying a man to the White House telling the President the news, and then putting on the wire the fact that the United Press had informed the President of the death and what the President had said.

Thurber, of Detroit, of lamented memory, was private secretary. Richard V. Oulahan, now the New York Sun's correspondent in Washington, was the reporter selected by DeGraw to take the dispatch to the White House. Oulahan hurried into Thurber's room and showed him the dispatch. "Ah," said Thurber, "very sad."

"But," replied Oulahan, "I wish you would take the dispatch in to the President, show it to him, and get for the United Press a few words of what the President said on receipt of the news."

Thurber questioned Oulahan closely as to what he wanted and then said he would try to get something for him from the President. He went into the President's private office and remained for about ten minutes. As he came out there were tears in his eyes. "The President was much affected," he said. "Very much affected. While the death of the Emperor had been expected still the news was a great shock to the President, a great shock."

"Can I say that?" asked Oulahan, impatient to get back to his office.

Thurber considered carefully. "Yes," he said, "you may say that I showed the President this dispatch and that he was much affected. You may say that while the death was not unexpected, in view of the news from Russia, it was a great shock to the President."

Then Thurber wiped his eyes and Oulahan dashed for the office and wrote a paragraph which was immediately sent all over the country.

Half an hour later, when DeGraw was still congratulating Oulahan on his enterprise in getting the sentiment from the President and saying kind things about Thurber, Charles S. Albert, another reporter for the United Press, came in. "Have you got anything about the President going away this morning?" he asked.

"Going away?" gasped DeGraw. "Where?"

"Went out squirrel-shooting at six o'clock with Captain Loeffler," said Albert. "Here's a paragraph about it."

Investigation showed that the President was squirrel-shooting and that Thurber's tears were purely vicarious.

Reportorial Repentance

WILBUR COYLE, city librarian of Baltimore, was a newspaper reporter before he went into politics.

He discovered at the close of his first year in office that it was necessary to make a report. He examined the reports of his predecessors. They were long, dry, dusty productions, giving many statistics and more details.

Coyle thought it over. His newspaper instinct rebelled at this waste of time and ink. So he wrote this report:

"*To the Common Council:*

"I have the honor to report that this department of the city has left undone during the past year only as few as possible of the things we should have done."

Giving the Password

SECRETARY LOEB has no sinecure. Although he occupies an important place in the President's official life, he is obliged to serve as the retaining wall which receives the fierce assaults of endless schemes that else would engulf the White House. Mr. Loeb, in consequence, comes in for copious adverse criticism from many quarters.

Recently a sour-visaged man of considerable importance in a small Western town called on the Secretary and hotly demanded an audience.

"It is out of the question," declared Mr. Loeb. "The President has given his time to four men on the subject, and it is exhausted."

"No, it ain't!" insisted the visitor irately. "You got a long audience for a second-rate politician last week on the other side—and that was after you refused me!"

"I remember that I did," nodded Mr. Loeb. "But there were extraordinary circumstances."

Shaking his fist, the visitor rose up.

"I know what them circumstances was," he shouted. "That there fellow was an athlete! He dabbles in strenuous and gymnastic games outdoors and you let him take in the President on the strength of it. Say, you look here: How about this?"

He ripped off his coat and jumped over a chair.

"And this!"

He turned cartwheels on the floor as lightly as a boy.

"That will do," said the Secretary hastily. "I guess the President will be very glad to see you."

Dressed for the Part

WHEN Public Printer Benedict was in office, a young man who had known Judge Davey, then and now a Representative from Louisiana, came to Davey and asked him for a place in the Government's big printing-shop.

The young man's name was Saxon. He had been a tramp-printer and looked like one when he made his application to Davey. The Judge wanted to do what he could for the applicant, so he called on Senator Caffrey and put the case before him. Caffrey looked Saxon over and suggested that it would be a good thing to get him some clothes, so they made an expedition to a clothing-store, fitted Saxon out and then took him over to see Benedict.

The Public Printer questioned Saxon closely. He asked him where he had worked and Saxon named a dozen places.

"Tramp-printer, eh?" said Benedict.

"Yes, sir."

"You don't look much like a tramp now," commented Benedict, looking at the new clothes.

"Oh, but I am!" urged Saxon. "I'm a tramp, all right, but, you see, my Louisiana friends here made me up for this part I am playing now."

Hard on the Landlord

JUDGE McDERMOTT, of one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, went to Philadelphia on some law business. When he returned he was telling the neighbors about it.

"I stopped at one of them taverns," he said, "and they charged me three dollars a day for my room and meals. Just think of that: three dollars a day! But I got good and even with them: I ate oysters three times a day."

Not a Matter of Experience

WHEN Charles M. Schwab made known that he would build a five-million-dollar home on Riverside Drive, at Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets, New York, he was sought by many architects. Some of the best artists of international fame presented him sketches and estimates. Among others who went after the big contract was Maurice Herbert, a Frenchman of genius, who had not, at that time, risen higher than the draughting-rooms of a Fifth Avenue firm of decorators.

The steel magnate plied the ambitious little Frenchman with many questions, the answers to which only indicated that Herbert had more ambition than experience.

"Why should you come to me for this contract?" demanded Mr. Schwab with a mild show of displeasure. "Have you ever built such a house before?"

This looked like an end to the interview. But the little Frenchman realized that he was about to come to his own. With a spread of his palms and a characteristic shrug of his shoulders, he leaned close to Mr. Schwab, and looking him inquiringly in the eye demanded:

"Tell me, Mr. Schwab, were you ever president of the Steel Trust before?"

Maurice Herbert is no longer in the draughting-rooms of the Fifth Avenue firm of decorators. He built the Schwab house.

Sweet Simplicity

IN THE old days there was a professor of psychology at Dartmouth who was so abstruse that it is doubtful if, at times, he fully understood himself.

One day he was profounder than usual. He lectured for nearly an hour on topics away over in the back of the book.

The class was dazed. It was far above their heads and they did not understand even the edges of it.

When he had finished, the old man took out his watch and said genially: "Now, there are ten minutes of the hour remaining. If any student desires to ask me a question I shall be glad to answer it to the best of my ability.

The class sat in a stupor. The professor waited for a time and then said:

"Is there no one who has a question to ask? There are remaining several minutes that could be profitably employed."

Finally, one student put up a reluctant hand.

"Ah," said the professor, "you have a question. What is it?"

"What time is it?" stammered the student.

The Hall of Fame

¶ President Roosevelt isn't chopping down many trees this summer. He is rowing instead. And at that, he still hovers near the two-hundred-pound mark in weight.

¶ Samuel Untermeyer, the great New York lawyer, is J. Pierpont Morgan's deadly rival when it comes to fine Scotch collies. Each has a remarkable kennel and the bench-show prizes generally go to one or the other.

¶ The politicians call Representative James Griggs, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, "Grim Jiggs." He is a smooth-shaven, happy-go-lucky Georgian, who believes in the glad hand.

¶ Bells for roll-calls do not disturb Representative Zenor, of Indiana. He is the last man on the list, and, if he saunters into the House thirty minutes after the name of Representative Acheson, of Pennsylvania, is called, he is in ample time.

¶ Representative James Sherman, of New York, chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, wears little side whiskers beneath his ears and would fit beautifully in the uniform of an English butler, although he has no butler traits that anybody has observed.

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

By Beatrice Grimshaw

The Tale of the Black Viri

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THE schooner Sybil slammed helplessly about on the glassy swell. Everything on board that could rattle, rattled; everything in the cabins that could break loose and take charge did so, sending up a melancholy chorus of regular crashes with every wallow of the ship. The great mizzensail slatted about above the poop, offering and then instantly withdrawing a promise of cooling shade, in a manner that was little short of maddening, seeing that the hour was three o'clock and the latitude not four degrees south.

Friday Island, looking like a small blue flower on the rim of a crystal dish, hovered tantalizingly on the extreme verge of the horizon, as unattainable as Sydney Heads or Heaven. For the Sybil was becalmed, a week's sail from anywhere in particular, and there seemed no chance of a breeze.

"Well," said the mate, dropping the marlinspike with which he was splicing a rope, and mopping his forehead with his rolled-up sleeve, "I wonder 'ow many thousand miles we are from an iced beer!"

"Turtle!" said Vaiti, taking a slim brown cigar out of her mouth, and looking down from her seat on the top of the deck-house; "only nine hundred and eighty-seven. You don't remember Charley's, in Apia?"

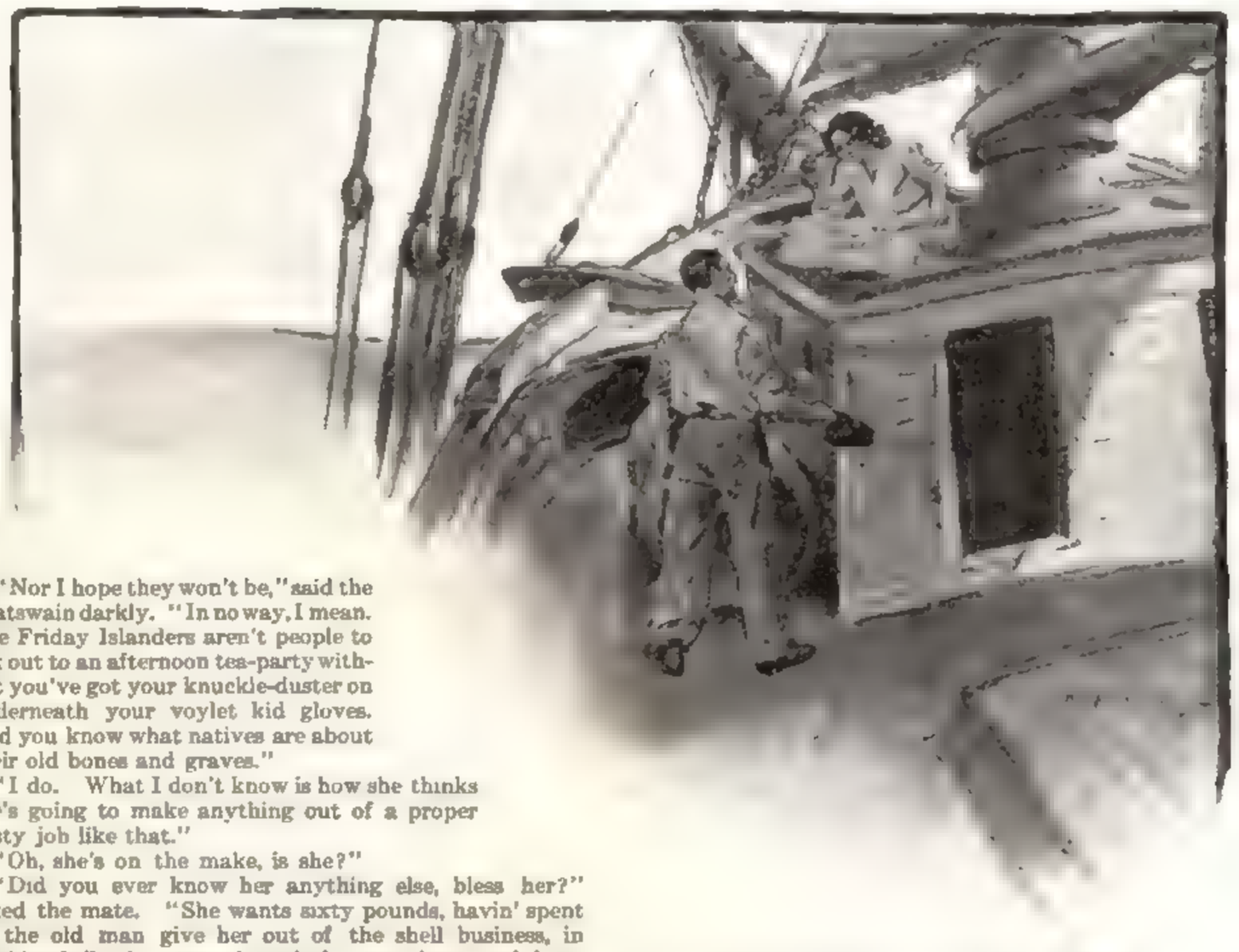
"I'd forgotten Samoa," said Harris, in a more cheerful tone, picking up the marlinspike and going to work again, as if revived by Vaiti's arithmetic.

"A miss is as good as a mile, for all me, 'specially when it's nine hundred mile," remarked the gloomy boatswain. "Couldn't you manage to talk about something rather less 'arrowing to a man's insides?"

"I'd like to know why she's going skull-huntin' to Friday Island, then," said the mate, casting a cautious glance at Vaiti, who was scarcely out of earshot, up on the deck-house.

"Trade I can understand," he went on, "and shell-huntin'—we haven't done too bad all round over that last little job, and the old man's a sight better since he's owned the ship. But skulls—and old skulls at that—filthy native bones that's been lyin' in the caves since Heaven knows when! Besides, they ain't our skulls, however you may look at it——"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of five stories, each independent of the others, but all dealing with Vaiti of the Islands.



"You Keep Your Mouth More Better Shut," Said Vaiti

"Nor I hope they won't be," said the boatswain darkly. "In no way, I mean. The Friday Islanders aren't people to ask out to an afternoon tea-party without you've got your knuckle-duster on underneath your voylet kid gloves. And you know what natives are about their old bones and graves."

"I do. What I don't know is how she thinks she's going to make anything out of a proper nasty job like that."

"Oh, she's on the make, is she?"

"Did you ever know her anything else, bless her?" asked the mate. "She wants sixty pounds, havin' spent all the old man give her out of the shell business, in Auckland, 'irin' a steam-launch for ten days, and buying gold watches and bracelets, and staying at the Constantinople, where she wore two new 'ats a day for a week; and other games of a similar kind. Pity you wasn't there to see the fun. I tell you, she made Queen Street look silly."

"What's the sixty pound for?" asked the boatswain, chewing fondly on his quid.

Harris giggled explosively and whispered:

"She wants a Dozey dress!"

"A—what's that? It don't sound respectable," said the boatswain virtuously.

"You bet it is, then. Dozey's a regular bang-up swell in Paris, who makes the most expensive gownds in the world, and every one in them parts treats him just the same as a baronight or a duke. You can't get so much as a jumper from him for less than sixty pound, and Vaiti she says every woman in Papeete or Auckland or Noumea who saw one of his dresses would spot it right away, and go and throw herself over the heads. She read about his things in a piece in one of them female papers in the hotel, and she's been layin' out to get one ever since, somethin' awful. Seems when a woman in London or Paris or Yarmouth gets a Dozey dress, and takes to standin' off and on before the others, who's only got new velveteens with musling frills, or such like, it just makes them other women drag their anchors and run head on to the shore. So Vaiti, she——"

"Hold on," interrupted the boatswain. "Why, if she 'ad one of those gowns, she couldn't bend it on to her yards, not if it cost a million. Man alive, she ain't laid down on the same lines as them Frenchwomen, anyway."

"You let her alone for that," chuckled Harris. "But what beats me is *who* she's going to do to with them skulls, and *how*. We won't know in a hurry, either, because she and Pita's fixed it up between them to do the job alone. Thank 'Eaven for small mercies, says I! 'Er on the warpath's rather more than I care for; and this isn't going to be any picnic, if I know anything of natives."

Stared at Him in a Silence that Somehow Managed to Express Unflattering Things

"Pita!" whistled the boatswain. "The old man will 'ave 'is gore before the voyage is out if Vaiti goes on like this. It's Ritter, that fat German trader in Papeete, that he's wanting to marry 'er to; and as for natives, it's 'ands off for them, if she is 'alf of one 'erself."

"Well, she and Pita was planning it all out in the foretop last night: I heard them, when she thought I was sleeping on the top of the galley. And the old man came out and roared at her like a Marquesas bull to come down, so down she came, laughing at him, like the devil she is. There's no one else on this ship would laugh, without it was on the wrong side of his mouth, when the old man gets ratty.—Coming, all right!"

The mate jumped to his feet and answered Vaiti's sharp hail in person, a deprecating smile spreading like spilt treacle all over his face as he came up to her, cap in hand. Vaiti took her cigar out of her mouth and looked at him for a minute without speaking. The Sybil rolled on the towering swell like a captured beast trying to beat its brains out against a wall, but Saxon's Maori daughter stood as steady as the slender mizzenmast upon the reeling deck. Harris smiled more than ever, and turned the marlinspike about in his hands, looking a little foolish.

"You wanting captain come and lay you out in the scupper pretty soon?" inquired Vaiti presently.

"Not particularly," answered the mate, the smile sliding slowly off his face.

"Then I think perhaps you keep your mouth more better shut," said Vaiti, walking off with a contemptuous swing in the very fall of her laced muslin skirts.

And Pita, of Atiu, as if in defiance of the captain, the mate, and every one else but his cousin Vaiti, pulled a mouth-organ out of his shirt, and began to play it triumphantly and frantically, making a noise exactly like the buzzing of a mad bluebottle on a warm window-pane. Further, he plucked a frangipani flower out of the wreath—a good deal the worse for wear—that hung round his neck, and stuck the blossom behind his ear. Now, every one who has ever been in the Islands is aware that these two actions are significant of courtship. Pita was courting Vaiti, as all on board knew—Pita, a mere deck-hand, who had been taken on at wild Atiu, in the Cook Islands, because he was a relative of Saxon's dead native wife.

Very handsome was Pita, very young and tall and broad-shouldered, wily and fierce like all the Atiuans, but smooth and pleasant of countenance. Were not the men of Atiu

nicknamed "meek-faced Atiuans," even in the days, only a generation gone, when they were the cruellest and most warlike of cannibals and pirates?

Needless to say, Captain Saxon, who had always had "views" for Vaiti ever since she left the Tahitian convent school that had given her such fragments of civilization as she possessed, did not favor the compromising attentions of Pita. As for Vaiti, her father's prohibitions neither piqued her into noticing the handsome Atiuan more, nor alarmed her into favoring him less, than she found agreeable. At present there was rather more than less about the matter, because Saxon was in one of his fits of gloomy depression, and Vaiti foresaw the usual result. It was not at all likely that her father would be able to help her in her forthcoming raid. Harris she did not choose to rely on at a pinch; Gray was old; the crew were far and away too superstitious to aid in such a sacrilege as she proposed. There remained Pita, who, if he was a wild Atiuan, was at least "misinari" after a fashion; had been educated, more or less, in Raratonga, and was most certainly in love with herself. Yes, Pita would do.

That night, when the second dog-watch had commenced, and a few large crystal stars were just beginning to glimmer through the pink of the ocean sunset, Vaiti descended to the cabin, looked into Gray's and Harris' berths to make sure that they were both on deck, and then sat down on the cushioned locker opposite her father.

"What is it?" asked the captain, raising his heavy blue eyes. He had been sitting with his head propped in the corner of the cabin, silent as a fish, since the clearing away of tea an hour before. You might have thought him asleep. He was not; but dead and drowned things were rising up from the black sea-caverns of his heart to-night, and their bones showed white and ghastly upon the desert shores of his life. So he sat silent, with his face turned to the darkening porthole, and to the night that was striding down upon the sea.

Through the port he saw the shining harbor of Papeete, as it looked a week or two ago—a tall, gray British battleship lying at anchor—the Sybil's dingey, small and cranky and unclean, creeping up to the man-of-war's accommodation ladder himself, a weather-scarred, red-faced figure, in a worn duck suit and bulging shoes, sitting in the boat, and waiting patiently until the Governor's steam-launch should have passed in front of him and discharged its freight of visitors.

He saw the captain of the great Queen's ship standing at the top of the ladder, slight and trig and trim, all white and gold from top to toe, all smiling self-possession and cool command.

He saw ladies, immaculately coiffed and daintily shod; tall, clean, gray-mustached men following them; a cordial welcome on the deck; a flutter of light drapery and a glimpse of lounging masculine figures, afterward, framed by the great open gunports of the captain's cabin in the stern. They were laughing and talking, and he could hear the clink of cups and glasses. After—a long time after—he could see his own shabby little boat creeping up to the ladder; the captain, cold and businesslike, and more than a little brusque, speaking to him on the deck about a certain anchorage in the Cook Islands group, concerning which he was known to have information; himself, burningly conscious of his shoes and his finger-nails, answering shortly and with some embarrassment, and feeling, of a sudden, very shabby, very broken, very old. . . . Was it twenty-five years, or two thousand, since the Admiral of the Fleet, and the Prince of Saxe-Brandenburg, with half the mess of his own regiment, had dined on board his yacht at Cowes, a week before—it happened? . . . Now a mere commander left him standing on the deck, and spoke to him like a native or a dog. Well, what did it all matter to a dead man? Was not his name, of those days, carved on the family monument in letters half an inch deep, and was not he, whom nobody knew, out here in the living death of the farthermost islands, a thousand miles from anywhere? . . .

"Father," said Vaiti.

"What is it?" answered Saxon's voice dully, as befitted a dead man

"The wind is rising at last," said the girl in Maori. "We shall be off the island by morning. Will you or will you not go with me into this cave of death, where I have told you that I shall find what is worth finding?"

"I have no heart. I will not."

"Then I and Pita will go," said Vaiti, fixing the Englishman's blue eyes with her own, black, stabbing and savagely unfathomable, yet set in her father's very own narrow, high-bred face.

The captain's dark mood was on him, and he turned his face to the wall, with a Maori oath consigning Vaiti and Pita to a cannibal end.

"'I go; stay you there,'" said Vaiti, using the quaintly courteous native form of farewell, barbed with a little sneer unknown to the original. Then she went to her cabin.

. . . . . .

Handsome Pita had a great awe of Vaiti, for she was a princess of Atiu, by her mother's side. But she was beautiful and he admired her—also, he hoped that her imperious soul harbored one soft spot for him. It seemed good, on the whole, when they were pulling the dingey over the reef next morning, to ask Vaiti openly where the value of the booty came in—with a secret hope, in the background, of securing as much as possible for a certain very deserving, more or less Christian youth of Atiu.

They Stood at the Edge of an Empty Gulf, Black as a Starless Sky, and of Depth Unknowable

Vaiti, her white dress girded up high over her scarlet *pareo*, waded through the last yard or two of the emerald lagoon before she answered. The boat being safe on shore, she stood up and looked sharply about her. They had chosen a quiet spot at the back of the island for landing, all the natives being down at the harbor loading copra. The weird pandanus trees, standing on their high wooden stilts at the verge of the shore, the rustling cocoa-palms, swinging their great fronds far over the water, the golden and pink-flowered vines, trailing yard on yard of green garlandry over the paper-white sand, could carry no tales

Vaiti looked at Pita up and down, from head to foot, and Pita gave the flower behind his ear a knowing cock and set one hand saucily on his hip. He knew that he was the handsomest man in the Cook archipelago, and he felt that the way his *pareo* was tied that day was a pure inspiration. So he shut up his mouth very tight, and made play with his burning black eyes, as only a South Sea Islander can; waiting confidently the while for the information that the whole ship's company of the Sybil could not have extracted from Vaiti in a week.

The girl stepped forward, and with a commanding finger tapped Pita's biggest dimple, as if he had been a baby.

"Suppose I tell you, then you know too much, you plenty frighten, go back to ship," she laughed.

"Speak Maori, high chieftainess!" implored Pita.

"No fee-ah!" answered the girl succinctly. Pita understood at once that Vaiti was unwilling to use a language that gave free rein to her tongue and his, and the knowledge elated him. "Perhap' I tell you," she went on, watching him narrowly. "I think you got heart in belly belong you, more, more better Alliti. I tell you, you want plenty heart, by and by."

"High chieftainess Vaiti, speak Maori!" was Pita's answer, linked to an attempted embrace that only fell short of its main object because Vaiti quite calmly pulled a seaman's knife out of her dress and laid it edge upward across her lips. Pita, who had learned the real European kiss during his visits to civilization, and wanted very much to show it off, felt disappointed, although there was a smile behind the blade that almost outdazzled the steel.

"Maori!" he persisted, putting his arm around her waist, with a cool disregard of her well-known readiness with the knife that won Vaiti's admiration a step further than before.

She laughed, wavered, and then, still playing with the keen, bright blade, she lowered it a little, and spoke in the soft language of the Islands at last.

It was a fairly long tale that she had to tell. When last the Sybil had been in the Society Islands, some weeks before, there had been a German man of science in the group collecting native skulls for museums at home. The grizzly old gentleman and his pursuits had not troubled Vaiti's mind particularly until her chief admirer, Ritter, a Papeete trader, happened to drop a remark one day about the amount of money some of these old skulls were worth. Vaiti's sharp intelligence linked on the casual saying at once to certain other wandering rumors she remembered, and she decided to find out something more. She did not ask Ritter, for he was no talker, even to a handsome girl whom he admired, and the German was his compatriot, in any case. But when the schooner reached Raiatea, where Professor Spricht was staying, Vaiti drifted off among the native huts, and squatted for an hour or two on the mats of the second chief's wife's mother's cousin's house, smoking a great deal, talking very little, and listening quietly.

By degrees the house filled up with interested natives, all eager for gossip and chatter; and Vaiti pulled steadily at her cigar, and—maintaining the grave, unsmiling demeanor proper to a princess of Atiu and a great Behtani chieftain's daughter—found the drawing out of the secret she wanted as easy as spinning sennit out of cocoanut husk. Nothing is private in the Eastern Pacific; and it was not long before all the Professor's personal affairs were tossing about like seaweed on the flood of general gossip that surged about the apparently uninterested ears of the silent, splendid sea-queen throned on the pile of pandanus mats.

The Siamani German had got skulls in Niue, in Uea, in Mangaia, and was now collecting them about the Society group. He was an ugly, gray-snouted pig to look at, and rooted in the earth like any pig; still, Taoua, and Mahina, daughter of Falani, seemed to think that . . . (Details lost in a heated argument about the personal characteristics of the ladies.) . . . Anyhow, Vekia from the hills said that he was going to buy her two silk dresses from San Francisco, when he came back from Falaite Island; so he was not as mean as he looked. Yes, he was going to Falaite Island in a great hurry; he would not even take time to finish his pig-rooting in Raiatea, on account of something he had heard from an old man who had once lived up in Falaite.

What fools the whites were! Did not every one in the Islands know about the old, old people that used to live on Falaite, hundreds of moons before the days of Cook—and how they all died, and nobody lived there for very, very long, until some people wandered up from Niue in Tuti's time—and how the skulls of the old, old people were still there, buried in a cave that was a hundred miles long, and guarded by as many devils as would fill twenty war-canoes? Of course, these things were known, and always had been—but when would any man of Tahiti or Raiatea have thought of such folly as traveling more than a thousand miles to fight the devils and take away the skulls? What if they were worth money enough to buy a big schooner, as the old gray pig had told Vekia when he promised her those dresses? Would a whole schooner, loaded down with dollars, be any good to a man after the devils had killed him?

Such was the substance of the information gathered by Vaiti. It resulted in her ordering the course of the ship to be changed, and heading direct for Friday Island, instead of going down to Auckland. Friday Island, out-of-the-way, infertile, uninteresting and little known, had been one of the captain's private preserves for some years. He touched there once a year, and purchased all the copra that the little place produced, at his own price.

Vaiti, with her odd faculty for acquiring miscellaneous information, had known since the first time the Sybil called that there were great caves on the island, and that a devil of unusual quality and size guarded them.

She told her story to Pita in as few words as possible, and Pita, for his part, made no comment, but took a couple of revolvers out of the boat and thrust one into his belt, handing the other to the girl. Then he girded up his *pareo*—a significant action among islanders—and felt the handle of his knife to see that it was loose in the sheath. There was a large sack in the boat, containing candles and food, and leaving ample space for other filling later. Vaiti tossed it to Pita, and the two began their walk.

"They are all down with the Sybil—it is safer now than it would be at night," said Pita. "Vaiti, if we get these things, and sell them for much money in Sitani, you and I will leave the Sybil when she next goes to Atiu; and you shall be queen of Atiu, and I shall be king, and we shall eat roast pork every day."

"Pita, there is a devil in the cave."

"I do not believe in devils; I am misinari."

"There is a devil all the same; you do not know everything that is in the world, little Pita," replied Vaiti. "A bad thing. A black viri, they say; but I do not understand that."

At that moment the woods opened out and the cave came into view—a velvet-dark blot in the dazzling glare of greenery that tangled itself about the shoreward cliffs.

Pita's hand sprang to his revolver, and he uttered an exclamation of angry surprise. Beside the cave stood a tall, brown, naked figure, painted like a witch-doctor.

"Do not shoot," said Vaiti quickly.

She walked right up to the native, stood within a yard of him and stared at him in a silence that somehow managed to express unflattering things. The man, stamping the butt of his spear on the ground, turned away from her, and addressed Pita.

"I have nothing to do with this woman of yours," he said.

"Speak, then, pigface," said Pita insolently.

"Enter if you wish," replied the other. "We have sent no fighting-men to hinder you; the way is clear. Yet, if you think the hot sun on the pleasant land is good to see, and the beating of the warm heart in the living breast is sweet to feel, go not into our sacred caves to lay evil hands upon the holy bones of Falaiti. Enough."

Vaiti's courage was of the kind that rises, wave by wave, the higher for all obstacle, and her spirit swelled within her to flood-tide in that moment. She turned upon the witch-doctor and laughed in his face. Then she stretched out her hand and Pita's leaped into it, warm and strong, and together they stepped over the threshold.

"Shall we not kill him?" asked Pita.

"There is no use," said Vaiti. "It is plain to me that all the tribe know, and they trust to the dangers of the place, whatever those may be. This island is at the very end of the world, it is true, and strange things may happen here."

"Yes, there is nothing that one might not believe in this place," said Pita, looking back. Already the gloom of Hades itself was winding about them, and the air struck gravelike and cold. In the distance, the mouth of the cave cast a brief glow of emerald light upon the dewy ferns and mosses close to the threshold, so that they shone like the jeweled foliage of some magic forest in a fairy play. Then came the dripping roof, the enormous stalactite buttresses of the cave, dimly edged with light; the oozing floor, and the lifeless dark.

Vaiti spoke not at all as they walked side by side down dark tunnel after dark tunnel, across empty, thunderous-echoing black halls and archways—their little candles flitting like fireflies through a dim world of unconquerable gloom. Pita, however, was strangely gay. He yelled aloud to set the echoes booming in the black domes above when they crossed some invisible great goblin market-place, full of hollow sounds and half-glimpsed monstrosities. He sang when the way along the endless corridors grew tedious, and the glistening stalactite candelabra overhead succeeded one another, thick as forest branches, for mile after mile unchanged.

When it was about noon, as near as they could guess, Vaiti took the biscuits and canned meat out of the sack, and they ate, squatting on the wet floor of the tunnel.

Somehow, the food did not cheer them, and when they rose and went on again they did not talk. And now a worse difficulty than any they had yet encountered suddenly barred the way. The winding tunnel along which they were walking turned sharp round a corner, and then ended to all appearance in nothing. They stood at the edge of an empty gulf, black as a starless sky, and of depth unknowable. Thin trickles of light from the candles wavered faintly about its edges, and showed that the colossal crack had a farther side, but it was impossible to see what lay beyond, and the depth below cast back the candle-rays as an armored hull throws off a rifle-bullet.

Pita detached a lump of rock and threw it over the edge. Vaiti watched him with sombre eyes.

"There is no bottom there," she said. "It goes through the earth, and out on the other side; that is what I think."

"Children's talk," said Pita, listening intently. There was an echoing rattle as the stone bounded from side to side on its way down. The rattle grew fainter and fainter; diminished to a sound like the ticking of a watch; faded to an almost imperceptible vibration, and then seemed to die out. Seemed—for although there was nothing left for the ear to catch, the sharpened sensory nerves of the body still responded to a faint tingle, somewhere, somehow, long after the actual sound had faded away.

"I told you," said Vaiti. "There is no bottom."

Pita did not answer; he was measuring the narrowest part of the gulf with his eye, and estimating the value of the three short steps of a run that were possible before taking off.

"It is not two fathoms wide here," he said, throwing the provision sack across, to judge his distance the better in the uncertain light. Yet, despite the three steps of a run, there was not an inch to spare when he landed on the other side, with an effort that strained every muscle of his powerful young body. "Can you jump it?" he called to Vaiti—without any particular anxiety, for the Maori has no nerves, and he knew what the girl could do aloft on the schooner.

To his astonishment, Vaiti made no answer, but stood leaning up against the wall of the tunnel, both hands pressed upon her chest. In a moment more she was violently sick.

"The smell!" she said presently, turning a ghastly face toward the light of Pita's candle.

"I smell nothing," said Pita, puzzled. "The wind blows your way. There is perhaps some dead thing down there."

Vaiti shook her head, and Pita saw that her eyes seemed to fill half her face as she looked down into the gulf. Suddenly she sprang, her white drapery flying behind her, and landed half a yard beyond Pita, with a leap that drew a cry of wonder from the Atiuan.

"Come, come!" she said, taking his hand and fairly dragging him on.

They had little farther to go. The tunnel wound on for perhaps another hundred yards, and then stopped. They found themselves in a low-roofed circular chamber, such as is often met with at the end of long underground passages—a small, insignificant place, roofed with drooping green stalactites, and floored with shapeless, slimy humocks of stalagmite. Numbers of deep shelves were quarried out in the rocky sides, and in these lay, row on row, the bare, mouldering skulls of Falaite's long-ago chiefs—many of them cracked and split, and not a few fallen into shapeless fragments, though there were a score or two in excellent condition.

They were curious skulls indeed, had their discoverers been able to understand them. In the projecting jaws, huge canines, strangely high cranium, and oddly-developed ridges near the opening of the ear, were the materials of a problem contradictory and complicated enough to occupy the wits of a whole college of science. But Vaiti and Pita saw none of these things. They only noted, with disappointment, that most of the skulls had gone to decay—picked out the best of the unbroken specimens, packed the great sack full of them, and then turned homeward.

"Vaiti," said Pita, as they walked down the rocky tunnel, and felt the slope of the gulf beginning under their feet—"Vaiti, what did you——"

Her face, turned back upon him, slew the stillborn question on his lips.

It was scarce a minute before the chasm gaped in their path yet again. The leap was worse on this side, for the clustered cones of stalagmite did not allow a fair take-off. Pita looked calculatingly at the farther side, very dimly visible in the faint candle-light, and picked up a fallen stalactite to throw across.

"Do not throw!" said Vaiti, in a breathless whisper.

"Why not? I can jump better if I hear where it hits," replied Pita, casting the stone before Vaiti had time to snatch at his hand. It fell short and rolled down into the chasm with a loud, crashing noise.

"Fool, fool! Jump quickly!" exclaimed Vaiti, in the same strained, horrible whisper.

Just for a second before he sprang, Pita looked down into the black pit beneath, and it seemed to him that the darkness stirred and shivered below the farther edge of the crevasse—that, for the fragment of a second, something, long, red, whiplike, vibrated high up in the light of the candles, and then was gone. There was a sickening odor in the air—a living smell, not a dead one—there was a sliding, rustling sound.

"Jump!" shrieked Vaiti.

They leaped through the air as one, but it was only Vaiti who landed on the farther side. Behind her, as she touched the rock, rose a shriek that blasted the leaden air into red-hot drops of horror—that went on and on and on, tearing upward to the vaulted roof like a rocket fired from the mouth of hell; breaking at last into a gasping bellow, and snapping off into grisly silence on the very crest of a long, choking roar, in which there was nothing left of human.

Pita had jumped short. Falling on the far side with his legs half over the abyss, he had grasped for an instant at Vaiti's outstretched hands, and, in the very act, had been snatched away—snatched by a long, ghastly head, armed with poisoned jaws and quivering red antennæ, that shot with the speed of a bullet out from the depths of the chasm, and back again with its prey. The head was a foot long at least; the horrible winnowing feelers more than a yard; the black and red body, that just flashed into view for a second, was as thick as a man's thigh. It was a nightmare, an impossibility, and yet—it was beyond doubt the Black Viri.

For a little while it seemed to Vaiti that she went mad, and then that the world went out, and she died. A long time after she found herself sitting on the floor of the tunnel, her head badly bruised and cut where she had dashed it against the rock, her candle guttering down toward extinction, her revolver empty and smelling of powder—she did not remember in the least how it had become so—and the whole black, horrible place still and silent as the bottom of the sea. Pita was gone. The bag of skulls had disappeared—fallen, no doubt, into the abyss. There was not a movement or a sound, save the whisper of the water-drops trickling ceaselessly from the roof into the dark pools upon the ground.

. . . . . .

That evening, when the early starlight was beginning to shine down upon the creepers veiling the mouth of the tunnel, the captain, rushing like a madman to the cave to find his daughter, met Vaiti herself coming down the rocks at the entrance, haggard, trembling and almost old. He asked for Pita, and was answered only by a shuddering gesture of the hands. Questioning no more, he carried the girl down to the beach and took her on board the schooner. There, when they had sailed, he left her undisturbed in her cabin for many days, while they ran steadily southward to pleasant Auckland and the temperate latitudes, farther and farther away from lonely, sun-smitten Falaite.

About the eleventh day, Te Ai, a young Samoan A. B., sat upon the main-hatch in the pleasant coolness of the second dog-watch and sang the farewell song of sweet Samoa, "Good-by, my F'lennie"—the song that plucks so surely at the heartstrings of all who have ever loved and sailed away among the far-off, fairy islands of the wide South Seas:

Good-by, my F'lennie—e le a o tea,
Efau lau le va'a, o le alii pule i——

Thus he sang, beating time with his knees on the hatch. Then suddenly he stopped.

Later, Harris, his face stiff with suppressed laughter, knocked at the captain's door.

"Can you oblige me with a piece of sticking-plaster, sir?" he said.

"Who for?" asked the captain, reaching for the yellow roll that lies handy in every shipmaster's cabin about the peaceful Pacific.

"Te Ai, sir. He's been knocked down."

"Who did it?" bristled the captain, ready to uphold his own peculiar privileges at once.

"*She* did, sir," said Harris, nearly choking. "Te Ai, he was singing 'Good-by, my F'lennie,' on the main-'atch, and out she come from the deck-cabin like a—like a hurricane, begging your pardon, sir—and she ups with a belayin'-pin from the rail, an' —"

"All right, all right; there's your plaster.—Harris, here!"

"Yes, sir."

"Give this to Te Ai."

"Lor' bless you, sir, 'e don't mind; 'e's——"

"You do what you're told. Stop—where's my daughter?"

"Walkin' on the poop, sir, uncommon lively, and looking like dirty weather ahead."

"That's all right," sighed the captain with an air of infinite relief.

Building Up a Retail Business

By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

Harlow N. Higinbotham

ALREADY I have suggested the necessity of attentiveness to customers. This should be instant, in season and out of season, from the moment the customer crosses the threshold of the store until he is out on the street again. There is nothing which customers more invariably resent than indifference on the part of the storekeeper or his clerk. To go into a store and be forced to stand about without being recognized is a kind of treatment which goes against the grain of human nature, and will not be tolerated by the average American. Of course, there are times in almost every store when there is much business to be done in a small time, and it is absolutely necessary to keep several customers waiting. This does not mean, however, that there is any necessity for the proprietor or his assistant to fail to give a pleasant word of greeting to those who are obliged to wait their turn.

It is an easy matter for the storekeeper or the clerk to give a nod of welcome and a word of excuse to those who cannot be immediately served. The customer who has been pleasantly greeted and told that he will receive attention in a few minutes will wait cheerfully, whereas he would leave the store in ill-humor if his presence were entirely ignored. The ability to keep waiting customers in good humor and make them feel that they are not neglected is one of the most valuable qualities a storekeeper or a clerk can possibly possess. Just ordinary courtesy and attentiveness demand very little time, and they are far more valuable than flattery or argument in the sale of goods.

In this connection it should be said that flattery is a very poor crutch for the salesman to lean upon. The average American citizen is generally shrewd enough to detect flattery and invariably resents it. Instant and unfailing attentiveness are worth volumes of flattery in the upbuilding of a good trade, and the salesman who is always promptly attentive to the customer's needs and who does not "slop over" is a trade-getter and trade-keeper of the highest order.

Tell the Truth

PERHAPS it will be thought that a word of caution with regard to the over-representation of goods is entirely superfluous and ungracious. I wish this were the case, but I fear that the observation is not at all out of order. Very often the zeal and ambition of the clerk carries him further in this direction than his employer would wish him to go. Again, there are those in the merchandizing business, as in every other business, who allow their desire for gain to impart an elastic quality to their consciences, and who lose sight of the fact that nothing can be more fatal to their final success than misrepresentation, no matter how mild.

As a sheer matter of policy, it is far better for the merchant to understate than to overstate the merits of his goods. When a merchant gains a reputation in his community for never misrepresenting his goods he is on the high road to success. He will command the trade of his neighbors and he will hold it against obstacles.

In selecting his clerks every merchant should give careful consideration to securing those who have tact, pleasing manners, and all that is included in the term "a good personal address." At the same time, it will be well for him to remember that a clerk may have all of these qualities and still be a comparative failure. Many a merchant employing quite a force of clerks has been perplexed by the problems presented by this matter of the personal equation. Here is a clerk, for example, who outclasses all his fellow-workers in personal popularity with customers. His graces of manner attract the patrons of the store to him to a degree which marks him as an exceptional favorite. In spite of this, the totals of his sales from week to week fall below several of his co-laborers at the counter. He puts in as many hours as they do and works as diligently as they. Here, on the face of things, is a clear contradiction which is decidedly puzzling to the merchant. What is the difficulty?

In nearly all cases of this kind, and they are so numerous as to be almost general, I believe the cause of the trouble lies in the fact that the popular clerk, who has decidedly the lead over all his fellows, lacks in *decision*. Not long ago I saw an interview on this very subject in which the superintendent of one of the big State Street retail stores, in Chicago, hit the nail squarely on the head as far as this point is concerned. He related how he had been puzzled to reconcile the fact that the most popular clerk in the fancy dress-goods department took about third rank, so far as the volume of his sales was concerned. The young man had a decided charm of manner which naturally attracted customers to him, and it was apparent to the management that this clerk had practically first call on a large percentage of the customers who came to the department to buy.

At last the superintendent decided to give his personal attention to the solution of this very interesting and practical riddle. To this end he stationed himself near the fancy dress-goods counter and began to watch the young man at his work. A young matron came down the aisle, passed a clerk who was at liberty to wait on her, and went direct to the young man in question. It so happened that the superintendent was acquainted with the woman, and knew, from having waited on her himself before promoted to an executive position, that she was not especially difficult to please.

The Fatal Fault

SHE handed the clerk a sample of goods of which she was having a skirt made, and told him she wished to get the material for a waist which would be appropriate to wear with the skirt. He looked at the sample, turned around to the shelves and started to take out a bolt of goods, hesitated, went to another, and then to still another. Then he drew out two or three bolts, looked at them and finally shoved them back into place. After making several false motions of this kind, he at length returned to the first bolt of goods which his hand had touched, drew it out and displayed it on the counter.

To the keen eyes of the watchful superintendent it was apparent that the indecision of the clerk had communicated itself to his customer, and, after examining the goods in a somewhat indifferent way, she asked if he had not something else more attractive. Then he took down the bolts which he had glanced at in his hesitating pilgrimage along the shelves, showed them to his customer and discussed with her their relative merits. Still, she was apparently unsatisfied, and he once more ranged the shelves and brought down other patterns. There was more conversation and further comparison of goods, and for the third time he turned about and began to forage in a somewhat hopeless and hesitating way along the shelves.

More than once the customer seemed to be on the very point of decision, but finally she offered an apology, and, saying that she would come again, she left the counter without buying.

In the mean time, the clerk whom she had passed by had waited upon three customers and sold to every one of them. His manner of work was this: He gave very careful attention to the description of the goods wanted by his customer, and in each case asked one or two questions to bring out more clearly the desires of his patron. But in each instance after he had learned this he turned round and his hand went unhesitatingly to just the right goods. There was decision in his manner, and he placed the bolt of cloth upon the counter with the remark: "I think this is just what you wish." The watchful eye of the superintendent had taken in his movements as well as those of the popular clerk, and he was convinced of two things: first, that the taste or judgment of the clerk who made the three sales was no better than that of the popular clerk who failed to make his sales; second, that the decision with which the less popular clerk acted was the secret of his success.

The conclusions of this superintendent were, to my mind, entirely correct. He found out why the man who attracted the fewer customers was able to make the greater number of sales. Incidentally it may be added that the popular clerk remained at the fancy dress-goods counter while the other was promoted to the head of the department.

Closing a Bargain

TIME and again, in my own experience, I have seen this incident paralleled. The gift of closing a bargain is by no means a common one, and it is left out of the composition of many clerks who are otherwise well equipped. And right here it should be added that without this gift all others are of no avail. No matter how skillfully the negotiations may be conducted up to the "sticking point," unless they go beyond that point they are useless. Though indecision on the part of the salesman is the besetting sin which generally causes his failure, there are other elements which contribute to this undesirable end.

One of these is the inability to shut out other matters from the conversation of the moment. Only the unskillful salesman will allow his customer to drag him into general conversation when he is actively engaged in displaying goods and attempting to get his patron's decision. This does not mean that it is not wise to chat pleasantly with customers about social and personal matters, but it does mean that this should not be done when once the business of selling is really in hand. Anything that distracts the mind of the customer from the vital point at issue is always to be avoided. Let all the "visiting" be done before the display of goods has begun.

Before leaving the subject of what the storekeeper should consider in the selection of his help, let me say that, as a general thing, the employment of relatives is to be avoided. It is not an over-statement of the case, I think, to say that traveling salesmen are well agreed upon the fact that when they find a storekeeper whose force is made up of his sons, daughters, nieces and nephews, he is considered as struggling under a distinct handicap, and his progress is watched with especial care. This is, perhaps, only another way of saying that the man who selects his assistants because they are relatives is not at liberty to make the selection on the broader line of their real qualifications for the work in hand.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Higinbotham's series of articles on the successful conduct of a retail store.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Other People's Money

THE peculiarly scandalous failure of a savings-bank on the West Side of Chicago, whereby thousands of poor depositors are threatened with heavy loss, has renewed that old discussion as to whether bank examinations do any good. In New York and Massachusetts it was long ago realized that safety for the savings of the poor should not be a matter of the mere discretion of the president and directors of a bank. The manner in which savings-banks might invest their funds was strictly prescribed and limited. No opportunity was left for hazarding those funds in real-estate and mercantile speculations. This, as yet, is too "paternalistic" for the West. Most States beyond the Alleghanies regard a savings-bank as a private concern, giving the management full discretion as to how it shall use the funds—with a bank examiner to drop in once a year and look around. The Western banks, as a rule, do not pay their depositors as high interest as the strictly limited Eastern concerns, and though Chicago itself has some of the soundest savings-banks in the country, this is because those banks have able and honest management, not by grace of law.

But no laws will prevent burglary. They will minimize it. Also, carefully locking up the silverware will help a good deal. With really honest and able bankers, savings-deposits are safe anywhere. Intelligent official examinations will tend to keep the less honest and less able up to the line of safety. The only method of insurance of safety which experience has approved is to prescribe by law the exact manner in which savings-funds may be invested. This makes it but little profitable to manage savings-banks. Whatever is managed primarily for the profit of the managers will always be subject to a certain liability that they may seek a greater profit through mismanagement.

A Finger in the Express-Pie

THE express business has always been a good deal of a mystery. The four concerns that monopolize it—and appear to live in a state of most joyous harmony with one another—have modestly kept their affairs to themselves. But a pleasant degree of prosperity was inferred from the fact that the stocks sell around $250 a share; and it was well known that tariffs were arranged on the profitable basis of charging what the traffic would bear. For example, banks can express a thousand dollars a thousand miles—from New York to Chicago—for forty cents. If the charge were much higher they would use registered mail. It costs an outsider about that to express a hundred dollars a hundred miles. Certain dealers are given a rate on small merchandise packages as low as the postal rate; but the ordinary patron pays much more for the same service.

A recent distressful family squabble in one of the companies—the Wells-Fargo—produces, however, some more exact information than has heretofore been available to the public. Of late this company has been earning about forty per cent. a year on its capital stock. The management resisted a demand for increased dividends on the ground that a large surplus fund is desirable, adding that "it was, of course, impossible to obtain this fund by the issue of mortgage bonds, for the property is so intangible that such a course is impracticable." The company's property, in fact, consists almost wholly of cash, investments in stocks and bonds, and thirteen million dollars loaned in Wall Street on Stock Exchange collateral. It has nothing in the nature of a plant except a few stables and offices in the larger cities. It hasn't much of anything—except just profits.

We notice that another express company is finding use for its funds in erecting a twenty-two-story building in New York, while the minority stockholders of a third are petitioning the management for a small slice of the opulent profits in the shape of increased dividends. Inserting an inquisitive thumb in this pie—under the powers recently conferred upon it—the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot fail to strike a plum.

Being Misunderstood

THERE was something pathetic in the recent homecoming of Mr. Rockefeller. Probably no American ever had as good a chance as he has had to know what his fellow-citizens think of him, and one would suppose that, having such knowledge, he would find it pleasanter to prolong his residence abroad, as so many of our great ones do, rather than return to his native shores. But that desire for home which often leads the petty criminal out of safety back into the meshes of the law has worked upon Mr. Rockefeller. After a few weeks' experience of *la belle* France, he prefers the United States even with Miss Tarbell and the Federal Grand Jury. He had rather skulk from Tarrytown to Lakewood and Cleveland than to *flâner*, admired and courted, in the courts of Monaco and Homburg. His desire to talk to the public, to propitiate the reporter, to show himself a good fellow, is also pathetic, when one considers the grim policy of silence and indifference to public opinion which has been, more or less, characteristic of 26 Broadway.

It seems that the opinion of his fellow-men is important to Mr. Rockefeller, in spite of all his millions, and in spite of that good conscience which one must believe he really possesses. His cry is that ancient, human cry—sad even from a Rockefeller—that he is misunderstood. And his faith is like the faith of Job that the time will come when he will be vindicated: that some day he will be understood. But most pathetic of all is the fact that this old man cannot realize that he has lived on into a new age when men of large affairs are not allowed to excuse robberies and extortion on the ground that they are legal, or good business, or done by subordinates in obedience to economic laws. He is in the cruel predicament of being behind the morality of his time. Mere giving to charity and education, mere personal right living, does not make up for everything as it did in his youth. His fellow-citizens already understand Mr. Rockefeller according to his works. They will perhaps come to judge him less harshly, as no worse than a good many others of his day; but they never will admire him, never will respect him, no matter how much of his huge fortune he gives away, or how kindly he speaks to a boy on the street.

An Immigration Argument

WE HAVE received, with considerable pleasure, a pretty-well-circulated plea against restriction of immigration which fairly clinches the matter by asserting that men are a nation's most valuable asset, and that a million healthy immigrants, quite uneducated, are capable of adding, and probably would add, a hundred million dollars a year to the total wealth of the country. Naturally the argument proceeds from Wall Street, and naturally again Wall Street, which devotes a not inconsiderable moiety of its energies to exploiting the wealth of the country, is mightily inclined toward whatever will increase the gross national store. Even when the immigrant starves within a month he increases the wealth of the nation, if his effects are sufficient to pay the expenses of burial.

In non-financial circles, the wealth-of-the-nation idea has lost much of its sanction as a conclusive argument. People would rather be happy themselves than have rich neighbors. Merely getting big and rich doesn't appeal to the popular imagination as formerly. We hardly think the immigration question will be decided on that ground. Large figures do still, however, entice some minds. For their benefit we wish Mr. Rockefeller would found a town comprising himself and nine hundred and ninety-nine beggars. What a joy it might become to wealth-of-nation statisticians! It would be the richest town of its size in the world. The aggregate wealth would equal the dazzling figure of one million dollars per capita—and all but one of the population be subsisting on free soup.

When Competition Fails

THOSE hard-headed conservatives who do not approve of state control of railroads should take a look at the condition of things in New England, and observe what happens when private ownership becomes practical monopoly, as it is bound to become sooner or later in the case of railroads. New England is at present partitioned out among three railroad systems: to the North and East the Boston and Maine, having swallowed half a dozen competing roads, has pretty much everything to itself; to the South and West, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, with the same history, occupies the same situation; between them the New York Central stretches a long arm to the sea from Albany. These three railroads serve some of the most densely populated districts in the country, where the hauls are short, and through a series of small cities and suburban towns. And yet there is probably no part of the United States with anything like the same population where transportation is so slow and the service so miserably inadequate to the demands of the public as on these old railroads. Much of the rolling-stock, except on the through trains west or between New York and Boston, is practically out of date, the rails light, the roadbed often single track when it should be double, and double where it should be four track, to provide for the traffic. The block system is very sparingly used. No other American corporations would dare to treat their patrons so insolently as do the "Consolidated" and the "B. and M." Slow, infrequent and crowded trains are the rule over most of their lines. The Boston and Maine, in particular, does not seem to have the enterprise to develop its opportunities in the way of local industries or summer travel, and has allowed electric lines to eat into its territory and compete with it successfully. Certainly no government roads in Europe give any worse results so far as the public is concerned than these New England roads that have got a monopoly of their territory. It might be added that the stock of the Boston and Maine, in spite of these conditions, sells around one hundred and seventy-five, and that of the "Consolidated" much higher. Just where does the public come in?

The Question of Value

THE vigorous movement to shut our corporate servants out of the jam-closet continually recurs to a certain chord which, whenever it is touched, twangs most inharmoniously. Railroads and other franchised concerns ought to earn a fair return upon their value. What is their value? The owners or managers of these properties have two sets of answers, which must run in parallel lines, since they never give the slightest indication of approaching each other; but the distance from one to the other is so great that nobody can verify the parallelism by ocular means.

For example, the Oregon tax-commissioners are even now puzzling over the fact that the railroad properties of that State are valued for taxation at ten million dollars, though for investment they are valued at more than seven times that. If you ask: "What is this railroad worth?"—the reply is: "If you mean to tax it, it is worth ten millions; but if you mean to buy a share of its stock it is worth seventy-five millions." The attempt of Professor Adams, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, clearly to set out the commercial or current market value of the railroads was bitterly resented on the ground that it would stir up evil-minded persons, like the Oregon tax-commissioners, to a state of dissatisfaction with the tax valuation. Senator LaFollette's proposition to fix a valuation according to the cost of construction was equally resented on the general ground that it was impracticable and pernicious. The owners or directors of these properties insist that their value must always be largely a matter of opinion. They operate on that theory. For tax purposes they hold one opinion on the subject. When it comes to selling some stock their opinion is quite startlingly different.

Frosting Favorite Sons

A CANDIDACY like that of McKinley in 1900, or Roosevelt in 1904, or such as that of Bryan promises to become in 1908, has one admirable effect: it forestalls all favorite-son movements. This is more seemly and humane than the process of abortive boomlet-culture which takes place so extensively in an open field. We never could understand the theory in which so many local organizations proudly advance their dim-eyed spindlings for the post of David. We do not see that it is any compliment to a one-legged man to back him in a foot-race, or that it reflects any credit upon a State to encourage a native candidate for a position that is many times too big for him. Some people seem to think that the office of President of the United States is simply a public bun which may properly be munched by any man who has had a long political career—and may have quite outlived his usefulness in it. Hardly anything in our politics seems to us more cruel than this common attempt on the part of local enthusiasts to make some weather-beaten hitching-post of the party organization think it looks like a Presidential-tree.

Probably these earnest thoughts could not be expressed later without incurring the unjust suspicion that some personal animus or other inspired them. We hasten to utter them betimes in a pious hope that they will do some good. Nobody wants a geographical President, or one who is merely the favorite son of a State. We have had one or two like that—showing that it is not impossible, in the fortunes of political conventions and elections, for the lightning to strike even a post. No patriotic State should take upon its head the chance of a recurrence of this mortifying phenomenon.

SHONTS OF THE ISTHMUS

H.L.SAYEN

Theodore P. Shonts
Chairman Isthmian Canal Commission

By Alfred Henry Lewis

CORTEZ, the Conqueror, who, according to the imperishable Keats, stood "Silent—upon a peak in Darien," and took in the topography of Panama, was the first to propose the canal. Nearly four hundred years later Roosevelt, the President, seriously and practically takes up the work of its construction. Señor Angel Saavedra was Cortez' chief of construction, and President Roosevelt has selected Theodore P. Shonts. The Cortez enterprise got no further than a solemn survey of the route. We, in our day, may hope for progress marked and more exciting. The Cortez hour possessed little besides those native claws wherewith it was born; the present is armed of electricity and dynamite and diamond-drills and ponderous ton-lifting cranes and locomotive engines and steam shovels. Chief Shonts may sit in his Panama office and, without leaving his chair, converse, per telephone, with Engineer Stevens in Colon, fifty miles away. Chief Saavedra, in the Cortez employ, would have had to send a messenger, who might have been a week about the trip.

I asked Mr. Shonts to outline the difference between the sea-level and lock canal, in what one might term its salient angles.

"Briefly," responded Mr. Shonts, "the Commission's recommendation was based on the idea that what the people want is the near-by practical, rather than the remote ideal. It, therefore, recommended the construction of an eighty-five-foot level lock canal. That can, first, be completed for about half the cost, and in less than half the time, of the sea-level canal; second, it will be adequate for all the commerce which can reasonably be expected to seek that route during the next one hundred and fifty years; third, if the tonnage should increase beyond present expectation, it can be enlarged more cheaply and more quickly than the sea-level canal; fourth, from the operating point of view, large ships can be put through more safely and more quickly than through the sea-level; fifth, when the interest on the difference in cost of construction is added to the cost of operation, the saving to the Government every year will be $2,340,000.

"The sea-level canal is a deep, narrow, tortuous gorge, which large ships cannot navigate, even according to the estimate of men who recommend that type of canal, at a greater speed than four miles an hour, and which will contain at times, according to the same authority, a current in one direction of two and six-tenths miles an hour. I venture to say that no large ship occupying, as large ships will, forty per cent. of the priam through which it will pass, can navigate at that speed, with that current, safely, under its own steam. The lock canal will have thirty-five miles of free lake navigation, so that the difference in time of putting large ships through the locks will be more than offset by their speed through the lake portion of their trip, which is more than two-thirds of the entire length of the canal."

An Artery of Trade

"WHAT," I asked, "will be the canal's capacity?"

"No man can estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the volume of tonnage which will go through the canal. Taking the development of the traffic in the Suez during the thirty-five years of its existence as a basis, and continuing the same ratio of increase until the year 2000, the volume of traffic passing through that canal will be in that year, in round numbers, 42,500,000 tons. Estimating that the Panama Canal, if constructed on the plane which this Commission has recommended, will be open for traffic in 1914, and estimating that the volume of traffic passing through it the first year will amount to 5,000,000 tons (which is the best guess that experts have been able to make), and applying the same ratio of increase to that traffic which experience has shown to have developed in the Suez, the volume in the year 2000 will have reached 32,500,000 tons.

"The estimated capacity of the lock canal is 50,000,000 tons per annum. Unless the development of the population of the world changes the basis of our estimates, the type of canal we recommend will be adequate for all business that may be thrown upon it during the next one hundred and fifty years. Also, by simply raising the sides of our spillways, and increasing the depth of water in the lock canal we can take care of still larger vessels than the forty-foot ships provided for in our present estimate. In a sea-level canal you would have to excavate the whole distance for every foot of increase made in depth."

A Handful of Facts

"HOW high above the level of the sea do you purpose carrying your canal?"

"I'll give you a handful of facts. The canal distance from ocean to ocean will be about forty-nine miles. The sea-level would have one lock to control the effects of the tide on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. There the tide rises twenty-two feet. The lock canal would require six locks for its operation: three on the Atlantic and three on the Pacific side.

"I spoke of certain natural advantages such as lakes. These lakes will limit actual canal work with its stone embankments to something over seven miles in length by the sea-level plan, and between four and five miles by the lock system. But there is this important difference: the four to five mile stretch of actual canal under the lock system would be two hundred feet wide by forty-five feet deep. The seven to eight mile stretch under the sea-level scheme would be but one hundred and fifty feet wide and forty feet deep. Why is this important? Because big ships, under little headway—and their progress through this portion of the canal would be about four miles an hour—are not readily controlled. They answer their helms slowly; and this leaves a wide chance open for them to bump their noses into the masonry embankments. The chance, you will conceive, is measurably reduced with a canal-width of two hundred feet as under the lock plan from what it would be under the sea-level with a width narrowed to one hundred and fifty feet."

"What would be the difference in cost?"

"The sea-level canal would cost, as estimated, $272,000,000; the lock canal would cost $140,000,000—about half as much."

"And the time required for construction?"

"The sea-level canal would call for twenty years in the building; the lock canal can be finished in eight years. Also, and it is worth remembering, the lock canal can be much more easily defended from a hostile force."

As has been remarked, Cortez was the earliest genius to whom the canal project appealed. After that the subject never rested. Wiseacres have said that man is a "talking animal" and a "laughing animal." Had they also said that he is a "digging animal" they would not have missed the nail's head with the hammer of description. Being a digging animal, the Isthmus of Panama, with two mighty oceans beating and breaking into surf not fifty miles apart, has offered a year-in-year-out temptation to man. He lusted to try his talons on it.

In 1550, Señor Antonio Galvao, who was the Senator Morgan of his age, suggested four different routes. There came other suggestions; and Sir Walter Raleigh, although he said nothing concerning canals, warned Queen Elizabeth that what crowned one controlled the Isthmus carried the keys to the world at his royal girdle.

Official Spain did not take up the canal until 1814, when the Cortes coolly ordered the Viceroy of New Spain to dig one. It is perhaps needless to say that the order was not obeyed, albeit what ingenious excuses the Viceroy gave, in explanation of his failure, have not been preserved.

In 1821, General Obegose made a canal survey, and Señor Jose de Garny asked, and was granted, a concession to construct such a waterway. That was as far as these gentlemen went; the world heard no more of them.

Bolivar, in the height of his dictatorship, decided for a canal, and asked Lloyd, an Englishman, to go into the question. Lloyd reported in favor of a railroad; a canal, he said, was out of reach. This was in 1830.

It was now the French turn to catch the canal-fever. The French recovered of that fever, however—and still no canal.

In 1849, with a gold-seeking stream of its best citizens swarming across the Isthmus, America began to feel an active interest, where before she had only looked on. At that the Yankee enthusiasm took concrete form, not in a canal, but a railway. In 1855 Engineers Totten and Trautwine completed the Isthmian railway. Also, according to grim rumor, a dead man lay buried under every cross-tie, furnished by the fevers of those sweating Isthmian swamps.

An Anti-Canal Lobby

NOTWITHSTANDING the railway and the buried dead men, the American demand for a canal did not cease. Administration after Administration bent its brows over the matter. But the Civil War came on; and the country fell to thinking, not on canals, but how to save itself. And after the War came the trans-continental railroads—to be the sleepless enemies of every thought or whisper of a canal. For a quarter of a century the railways have kept a Washington lobby—gold-lined were its pockets—whose sole province it has been to beat out and smother each least Isthmian suggestion. They threatened, they coaxed, they paid; and, until a Roosevelt day, they succeeded. The trans-continental railways threw themselves like a wall of granite between the public and a canal.

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Selfish? Unpatriotic? Surely, but what then? There is a deal of pocketbook patriotism between the oceans, nor have the railways a monopoly of it. Also, where there is a bribe-giver there is a bribe-taker, and in this instance it was the public that every time had picked the latter out.

To add to the railways, the influence of political Europe was avalanched against the enterprise. France, England, Germany, one and all deplored the thought of an American canal. They intrigued; they threatened; they coaxed; they bribed—as had the railways. But the scene of their pernicious activities was Colombia, not Washington. The temperate has bribed the torrid zone in every age. And the Spanish palm has ever itched, the Spaniard holding with Vespasian that "the smell of all money is sweet." No, in good sooth, anti-canal Europe was never in want of friends about the Colombian court! America, through Frelinghuysen, had declared that "both banks of the canal, when built, shall be part of the coast-line of this country!" and England, France and Germany were not to be pleased with such Monroe Doctrine diplomacy.

In 1875 the French for a second time aroused themselves canalwise, and explored a route. M. Wyse, a Frenchman, was granted a canal concession. Three years later came De Lesseps, and organized a company, capital $120,000,000. The gifted Frenchman said the cost of the canal construction would be under $110,000,000. Later, having bought out M. Wyse for $20,000,000, he expanded to $169,000,000.

The French have been eager speculators since the Mississippi Bubble days of Law. They followed De Lesseps in golden flocks and herds. The company issued stocks and bonds, and the French public took them in like spring water. The French Government authorized a canal-lottery. That, too, was an auriferous success.

In the Gutters of Scandal

In 1889, after eight years of work, De Lesseps and his canal came to a profound halt. Twelve miles of canal had been dug—the easiest part—and $260,000,000 sunk. What caused the halt? Bankruptcy; and the certainty, as affairs were then progressing, that a completed canal would cost a round $2,000,000,000. Graft? The world has never seen such pillage, even in the Orient days of Clive! Tammany Hall would have been driven mad by the rapturous richness of that graft. De Lesseps, his son, and Eiffel—he of the tower—were apprehended as criminals, and the noblest names of France were dragged in the gutters of the scandal.

The canal, as Mr. Shonts is to construct it, will unite the cities of Colon on the Atlantic and Panama—an Indian word meaning "fish-in-plenty"—on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. Panama is the bigger city, with twenty thousand population, not counting strange and visiting noses, which number now and then as many as five thousand.

Panama is a cathedral town, and, being founded as far rearward as 1518, the oldest in the Western Hemisphere. Speaking of longitude, it lies as nearly south of Erie, Pennsylvania, as one can draw a line; being in latitude 8° 57′ North, it is blisteringly near the equator. There is Mount Ancon near by, to which one may retreat and keep cool. A hotel rears its hospitable head on that eminence—a hotel which would not disgrace Broadway.

Panama for centuries has lived by rubber, gold-dust, pearls, hides, ivory nuts, cocobolo, manganese, tortoise shell, vanilla, whale oil, sarsaparilla, cocoanuts and travelers. In the old, gallant, buccaneering days it was regularly robbed by Drake and Morgan and other English pirates; and Morgan—made peevish by resistance—even burned it to the ground in 1671. When the torch-wielding Welshman had gone his way the inhabitants crept out of the brush, to which they had fled like rabbits, and set Panama on its tropical legs again.

Thinking on the question of health, and bearing in mind those gruesome tales aforetime told of how the Panama Railroad in its building buried a corpse under every cross-tie, I asked Mr. Shonts what steps had been taken to render the Isthmus possible as a place of residence.

"In the city of Panama," said he "there has been a house-to-house fumigation, repeated several times, and a thorough cleaning up of all streets and alleys for the first time in the history of the city. All cisterns and pools of stagnant water have been filled up. A water-supply, adequate for a city two or three times as large, has been installed, and a complete sewer system put in. The city is being paved with vitrified brick, laid in concrete. The paving is well advanced and being pushed. The water and sewer systems are practically complete.

"In the city of Colon the chief streets are being graded. Two canals have been constructed through the city, from salt water to salt water. They are swept by the tide, and receive the surface drainage from the graded streets. The city stands only fifteen inches above sea-level, so, as sewers are impossible, a pumping plant is being put in to pump the sewage far out to sea. A water-supply is being put in, both systems being well under way. Panama and Colon are being cleaned up, under the treaty, as a protection to the health of the canal zone.

The End of Yellow Jack

"Within the canal zone, wherever a labor camp is established, sewer systems and fresh-water systems are first put in, and all surrounding swamps are drained and the tropical vegetation removed. Altogether, five reservoirs have been built, the smallest having a capacity of eight hundred million gallons. They are fed from mountain streams. The watersheds are practically uninhabited. Wherever there is any possibility of even slight contamination, the watershed is patrolled by guards. These reservoirs supply Panama, Colon and the canal zone. There is now practically a continuous fresh-water supply clear across the Isthmus.

"There has been no authentic case of yellow fever since November, 1905. The rate of sickness was about twenty per thousand—about the same as New York—according to the last report. It is believed that health conditions now are so well in hand that they will be as favorable as in our large cities or in our Southern States. Medical and hospital service are furnished free to all employees. The hospital equipment is thoroughly modern and most elaborate, covering all diseases. Though the number of employees is constantly increasing, health conditions have been so improved that there were four hundred and fifty vacant beds in the hospitals at the last report. The sanitation has been conducted under the general supervision of Governor Magoon, and under the immediate direction of Colonel W. C. Gorgas."

As Mr. Shonts ran rapidly over his health plans for Panama, I confess that my mind went roaming much to one side of a canal. Within the fortnight it has been my fortune to meet three men: Judge Gaynor, Mr. Glasgow and Mr. Shonts. The career of each of these is a refutation of the whining complaint, lifted up so frequently by a whimpering mediocrity, that victory of the individual, for the individual, by the individual, is no longer possible in the land.

Take the trio whom I've named. From farm or village, not one came out of rich surroundings. Whatever any of them possesses of fortune or station he conquered for himself. The oldest is not fifty-five.

And what is their present story? Judge Gaynor holds a highest judicial place in the first State of the Union—a place where the term is fourteen years and the stipend $14,500. Also, the better half of the community is demanding him for Governor. What is the secret of his triumph? Nothing occult, nothing recondite, nothing hidden. What his hand found to do he did with all his heart. He gave good measure. He brought courage, industry, intelligence, integrity to bear upon what lay before him.

Judge Gaynor's history, in these cardinal elements, is one with that of the other two. They went to the fore by bravery, by brains, by honesty, by hard work and a genius to be thorough. I venture to say that the American world has never seen the hour when those virtues were more at premium than now.

Also, the successes of the three were far apart from one another. Judge Gaynor's were of politics—being triumphs in a Machine-ridden city, born of attacking the Machine. Mr. Glasgow's victory is wholly within the lines of the bar. He has made himself a foremost lawyer. So formidable is he that a powerful railway organization comes tremblingly before him, afraid of the questions he will ask. From first to last his progress is professional; no odor of politics attends upon it.

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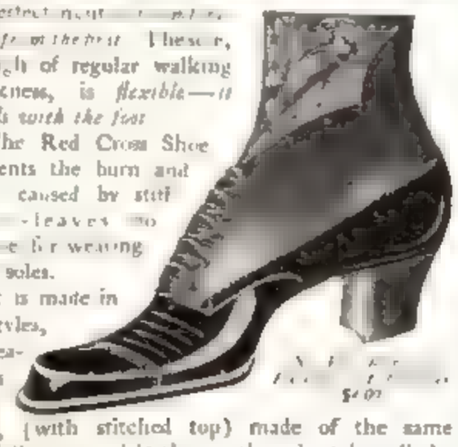

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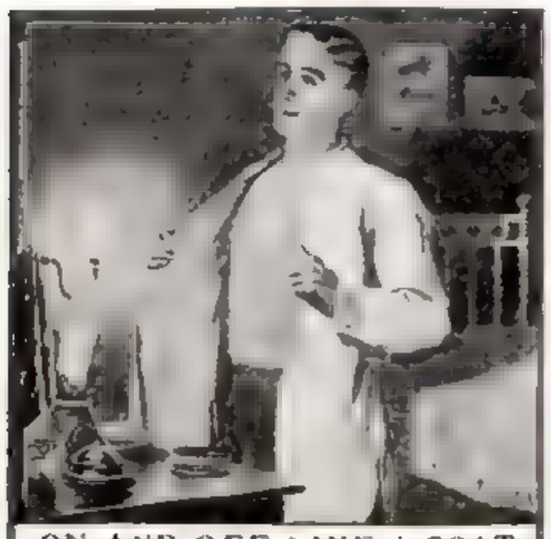

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The last is equally true of Mr. Shonts. He never took a larger share in politics than casting his vote. His trade has been railroads—he builded them, he managed them. And now it is given him, because of that courage and wit and truth and power to work which are his, to put through the giant enterprise of the age. If there be aught in immortality, then his fame is as sure as Alexander's. For, when he unites the Pacific with the Atlantic, he will have done more than was accomplished by the Macedonian.

No; the more I go among men—men who represent—the more it opens upon me that this is the harvest-time, not of capital but of the individual. I care not in what forgotten corner of the American earth the boy may dwell, if he has intelligence and courage and heart and truth, and will work to achieve a hope, his future is already won. He has but to come into his kingdom, for it lies waiting his advent. Only he must be alive and alert, and nurse a hatred of idleness. He must loathe delay; he must make a cult of the present. There is but one trade wherein to be alive is to fail. The critics have decided that nothing is literature unless it sounds as though it were written in bed. If you like to read it, then it is not literature. Literature is the sole walk where the sluggish, the somnolent and the thickly dull are given the wreath.

The official position of Mr. Shonts is Chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He has the look of one who will build the canal. His atmosphere is confident, and begets confidence. Lean flanks, narrow hips, door-wide shoulders, long, powerful arms, six feet tall and more—he has the build of an athlete. His manner is military; his eye is the eye of command. He gives one the impression of passing most of his life on his feet. Preëminently, he is the sublimation of action—quick to see, to order, to lead.

If I were to read the man, I should say that Mr. Shonts, although easy to convince—if you have the arguments—is not credulous. He detects humbugs. He is strong-willed, without being obstinate. He has a clear conception of what he wants, why he wants it, how he means to get it; but there is no trace of pigheadedness. Also, he is a horse to work—deep-lunged and tireless—a Corliss engine in a sack-coat! His heart is kind, his temper gunpowdery; and because he has met and managed all kinds of men

dog men, pig men, pouter-pigeon men, cock-robin men, man-men—he is catholic in his tolerations.

Mr. Shonts was born in Pennsylvania—Crawford County. That was fifty years ago. He comes of those Huguenots whom the Grand Monarch so generously drove into England, Holland, Switzerland, America. They were of a brave, fighting strain—those Huguenots, and gave us some of our best blood. Congressman De Armond is of them. Governor Francis, of Missouri, is of them. So was Mayrant, who took the Richard's boarders, pike in fist, over the hammock-nettings of the Serapis.

As a boy, Mr. Shonts migrated to Iowa. His home was in Centerville. He went to the public schools; then to Monmouth College. When his college days are done he takes a place in the Centerville bank.

From the bank he crossed over, commercially speaking, to the railroads, and was prominent in constructing the Iowa Central. Then he became a managing influence of that road, and was remarkable for energy and a complete grasp of his duties.

A Million at a Turn

Paul Morton, late of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, was with Mr. Shonts in the Iowa Central. One day they laid their heads and their bank-accounts together and bought the road. Later they sold it, and cleared a million and a half each.

Mr. Shonts, making name and fortune, has never taken a backward step. The railroads know him for a master spirit. The world generally knows nothing of him; for the world knows only what the papers tell, and the papers tell merely of rich drones and plotting politicians. Being of neither set, Mr. Shonts was one new to the public when the President called him to split the Panama with that canal.

It was Paul Morton who suggested him.

"If it were my canal," observed Mr. Morton with a smile, "I'd get Shonts." And the President did.

It is the strength of President Roosevelt—the locks of our White House Samson—that he knows wisdom when he hears it, knows a man when he sees him. It was a brave selection, one fortunate for American interests. With a genius for initiative, there is not a problem of construction Mr. Shonts cannot solve. He will hold his force about him, too; for he has that mark of big souls—Grant had it; he never envies, never steals the applause due other men.

"Build the canal!" says President Roosevelt.

"But no politics!" warns Mr. Shonts.

"No politics!" confirms President Roosevelt, and the two shake hands.

"How many men have you got at work?" I asked.

"There are 27,000 men on the rolls; all are housed, and quarters have been built for 3000 more laborers. All of the Americans are comfortably located and are beginning to take their families down. Additional homes are also being built for Americans. The laborers' quarters are furnished with sanitary cots; each occupant has five hundred cubic feet of air-space. Inspectors see that the quarters are kept in a sanitary condition. No Government, or corporation, has ever before made such exhaustive arrangements for the accommodation and health of laboring men. The Commission regarded health conditions as all-important. The accommodations improve with increased pay and rank. For those other than laborers there are homes, hotels and bachelor quarters."

"How many will ultimately be at work?"

"Doubtless there will be seventy-five thousand men at work when the enterprise is going full blast."

Good Living and Cheap

"How will you feed so many?"

"The ships of the Panama Railroad have been equipped with refrigerating-plants; a temporary refrigerating-plant has been built at Colon, and a permanent one is being built; the Panama Railroad has been equipped with refrigerator-cars, and meats, vegetables and fruits are delivered on the Isthmus as they would be in the States. Commissaries have been located at the principal labor camps, and men of all grades can buy whatever they want at a price covering first cost and cost of handling. Living in Panama is cheap. The hotels, for thirty cents each, serve meals that would compare favorably with those served in the average American hotel. At the mess-houses, for the laborers, three good meals are furnished for twenty-five cents a day. Even at this low price, many of the laborers do not patronize the mess-houses, preferring to live on tropical fruits, which they can get for the picking. It has been a serious question how to force the laborers to eat enough nourishing food properly to sustain them. In all future labor contracts the chief engineer has been authorized to arrange for the deduction of twenty-five cents a day for meals. This may not be insisted on; but by this means it is hoped to compel the laborers to eat enough good food to keep them well.

"The Americans are taking the lead in forming clubs, with gymnasiums, billiard-rooms, music-rooms and reading-rooms. The Commission builds the club-houses when permanent organizations are formed, and helps furnish them; but the members maintain them. The Commission also encourages the erection of club-houses, but leaves it to the men to take the initiative. We take more interest in our own children than in those of others. The clubs give boxing-matches, entertainments with vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and contribute much to life on the Isthmus."

"You spoke of your work of organization. How much of a plant do your plans call for?"

"The plant? Eleven million dollars has already been invested in the most modern appliances in machinery that can be found in the world. All of it is shipped 'knocked down'; but it is set up immediately on its arrival, and installed. Sixty-three mammoth steam shovels have been bought; nineteen are now in service, and the number is increasing every month. About two hundred locomotives have been ordered. This will give the Panama Railroad more locomotives, per main line of track, than any other railroad in the world. The engineering work, which is well under way, includes the formation of a comprehensive plan for the excavation in the Culebra Cut, the location and construction of tracks on each level, and a double track

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Hats for Men

The Carlton

A hat, being the most noticeable article of a man's dress, should reflect his taste and individuality as well as his judgment. It should indicate a proper regard for good form without slavishly following cut and dried "fashion" regardless of the more important question of becomingness. In selecting a Knapp-Felt hat the man who desires to wear the best is not restricted in his choice to one shape—Knapp-Felts are made in a sufficient variety of smart styles to afford a wide range for selection. To be "in style" a hat should harmonize with the face and physique of the wearer.

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is a wear-resisting fabric of unusual beauty and durability. Its firm and close texture retains the noticeable elegance of style which is its most important characteristic and the rich Cronap dye does not fade nor change color with the hardest usage. Knapp-Felt hats are sold by the best hatters everywhere. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe, $6—Knapp-Felt, $4.

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because of their distinctive style and elegance of finish. They are made from selected materials so combined with our new process of stiffening that they have the **Self-Conforming** feature just where the derby touches the head. **"It's all in the Band."** That's why **Kingflex Hats** are so comfortable. They fit the head naturally and easily and do not bind.

Kingflex Hats Cost $4.00

Kingflex-Werdna Hats are made from the finest furs and trimmings that can be put into a derby and are also self-conforming. They cost $5.00.

Ask your hat man for a **Kingflex.** Send for our booklet showing new Fall Styles. Address

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through the bottom of the cut; the construction of large receiving and forwarding yards at both ends of the cut, where the tracks from the different levels connect with the main line; the construction of shops, roundhouses, turning-tables, and water and coaling stations at each yard; the strengthening of all bridges on the Panama Railroad to accommodate the heavier power and equipment; and the double-tracking of those parts of the road where traffic is most dense, and grading for additional double-tracking. The engineering work, associated more closely with the actual construction of the canal, includes the location of diversion channels, location of dams, surveys of perimeters of lake areas, and drainage basins of streams.

"The question of labor is a grave and perplexing one. We can secure a sufficient supply of labor from the tropics, so far as numbers go. The question of quality, however, is a very different matter. Unless a greater efficiency can be developed than is secured at present, we shall have to look elsewhere.

"It is to this class of labor that we are paying from eighty cents to $1.04 per day in gold, and out of which it is estimated we do not get more than twenty-five per cent. of the efficiency of labor in the United States. This is the kind of labor to which we are compelled to apply the eight-hour law. Such application will increase the labor cost of canal construction at least twenty-five per cent., and add many millions, unnecessarily, to the expenditure. It is a mistake to handicap the construction of the Panama Canal by any laws save those of police and sanitation. I want to go on record here as saying that the application, to labor on the Isthmus, of the eight-hour law, the contract labor law, the Chinese Exclusion Act, or any other law passed or to be passed by Congress for the benefit of American labor at home, is a serious error. Over eighty per cent. of the employees of the canal are and will be aliens. A majority of the remaining twenty per cent. employed are and will be in a clerical or supervisory capacity. The application of these laws on the Isthmus will benefit a very small number of American laborers; on the other hand, they will enormously add to the cost of construction, and American labor at home will have to pay in taxation its share of that increase."

A Symptom of Honesty

Before I met Mr. Shonts I asked one who knew him to give me his characteristics.

"He is not ill-tempered," returned the gentleman dubiously, "and yet I should call him irritable."

This description pleased me. An irritable, cross-grained, stubborn man is always honest. He goes making no plots, setting no snares, arranging no deadfalls. As a political writer I have met hosts of politicians, and therefore hosts of false, cunning, selfish, scheming, untrustworthy men. One and all they were smooth, oily, plausible, agreeable, beaming and affable. They ever gave up their plans for yours; ever preferred your judgment to their own. Bowing and scraping, the last thing they could be charged with was irritability. No indeed; they no more lost their temper than they told the truth.

The reason is not hard to see. An honest man can afford to be irritable; he has no designs upon you. In his morose case, even to become a sour hermit would not spell a money-loss. It is the other way with our immoralists, who have plans touching pockets other than their own. If they give way to anger or rage or irritation, they frighten off their prey. Wherefore they follow the gospel of manners according to Lord Chesterfield, and grow politely, suavely polished in proportion as they grow false.

Still, while looking for the porcupine in Mr. Shonts, I cannot say that I found quills. Rather, he furnished the idea of a nature well up on the bit, like a high-mettled horse, but I traced nothing of irritability. His blood is too red, his stomach too sound for that. He will rush upon his work like a soldier storming a fortress; he will despise a coward, denounce a laggard; but there will be nothing of narrow peevishness—no spites—no hateful littlenesses. Out West, when they aim to describe a gentleman as sound in every virtue of unflagging comradeship, they say: "You could cross the plains with him!" After a careful survey, I must say that you could cross the plains with Mr. Shonts.

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The clothes you buy must look well and fit well. Most clothes do—when they're bought.

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A suit of "The Guaranteed Kind" looks well today, next month, next year.

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That you use bond paper means nothing. The point is, do you use COUPON BOND?
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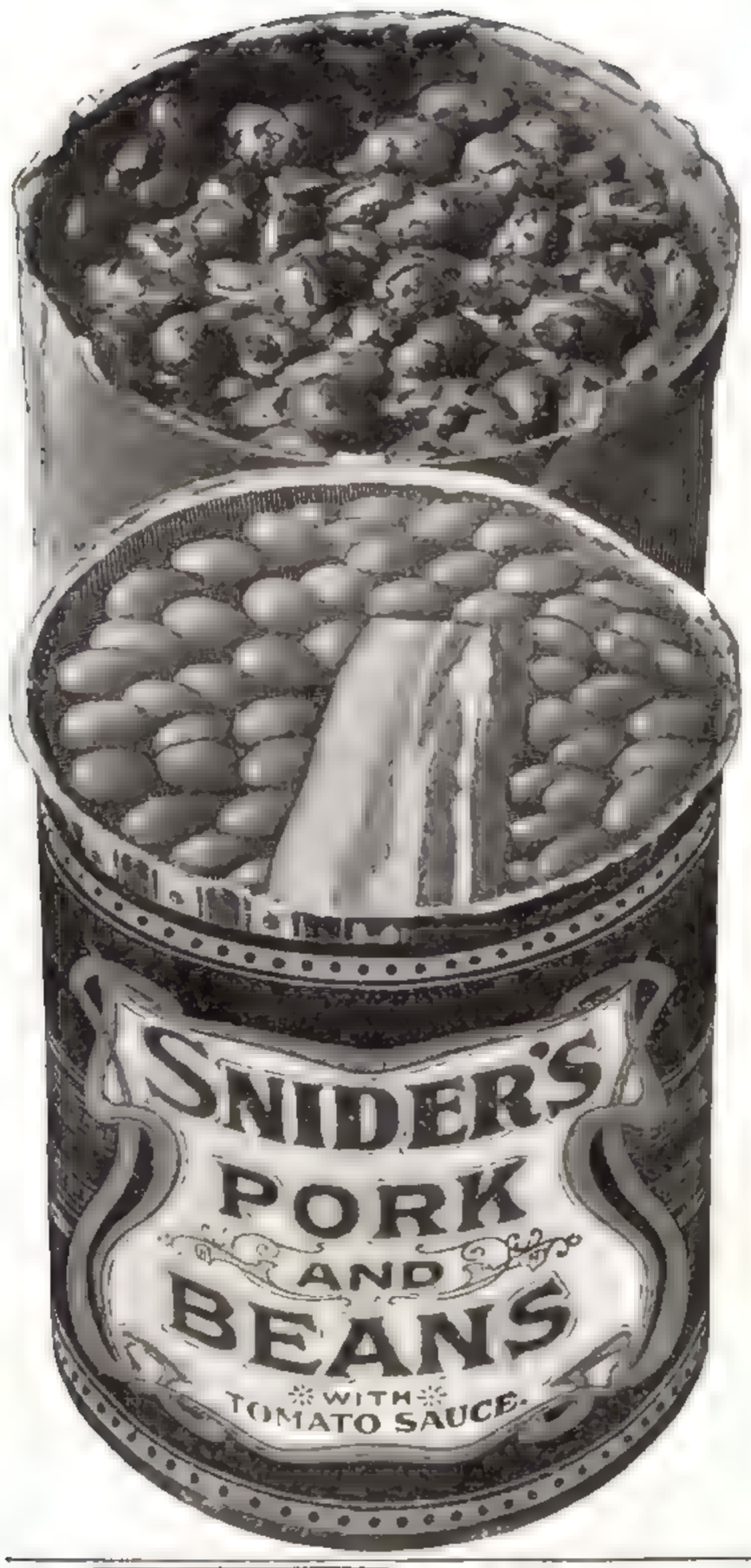

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BAKED Beans would not KEEP for a week in tins. That's why positively NONE are canned.

Besides BAKED Beans are too rich for the average digestion — too "short," oily, and full of Gas, for health.

Beans, you know, though very nutritious, are naturally bitter, and very rich in Sulphur.

The Sulphur turns into Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas when the Beans are eaten.

It is this Sulphur that thus causes colic, flatulence, "wind on the Stomach."

So the SULPHUR and the bitter flavor are good things to get RID of.

That's what the Snider People think, anyhow.

It took Sniders several years to find out how to eliminate these Bean faults.

But the years of experience were not wasted.

In learning how to make FINER food of Beans a way was discovered to make them much more DELICIOUS also.

Proof of this statement is supplied below.

You've only got to COMPARE Snider Pork and Beans with any other kind to discern at once the wide DIFFERENCE in flavor, condition, and appearance.

And this difference put the Snider People on to a very CONVINCING way of selling their Pork and Beans to GROCERS.

When a Snider salesman goes to a Grocer to sell him Snider Beans, he doesn't TALK, he just ACTS.

He buys a tin each of the best kinds of Pork and Beans that Grocer sells, opens them up on the counter, and asks the Grocer himself to LOOK at them, and TASTE them.

Then he opens up a tin of SNIDER Pork and Beans beside them, and asks the Grocer to compare and taste THESE also.

This selling method almost NEVER fails.

Because every tin of SNIDER Beans is found whole, white, and dainty to the eye, as shown in the lower photograph herewith.

Other Beans are often (and many kinds are always) found split, squashed, soupy, discolored and of "beany" instead of "fine" flavor.

Each Snider Bean is seen set in a rosy circle of that Snider Catsup which is found on the tables of every good Club in America.

Snider Beans, are found firm but soft and cheesy to the tooth, with a delicious mellow taste.

This mellow, waxy condition of Snider Beans, which makes them so agreeable to the tooth, also makes them absorbent as little sponges.

And THAT is why they soak themselves through with the tart-sweet, spicy, flavor of Snider's delicious Tomato Catsup, with which they are generously surrounded.

This Snider Catsup is made only from ripe red Tomatoes, seasoned with SEVEN spices, instead of with the usual Cayenne Pepper spicing of other Catsups.

You will never know how DELICIOUS Pork and Beans CAN BE until you've tried your first tin of SNIDER'S.

And here is an offer which will now enable you to test them at OUR risk.

When you buy your FIRST tin of Snider's Beans, you can get your money back if YOU don't find them finer flavored, finer looking, and more delicious than any you ever ate before.

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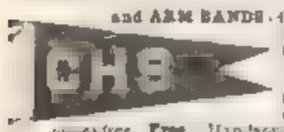

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The Chase of the Golden Plate

(Continued from Page 5)

"A good, clean-cut, straightforward, decent man," replied Hatch.

"Well, for some reason I don't know, Dollie's father objects to Mr. Herbert's attentions to her—as a matter of fact, Mr. Meredith has absolutely prohibited them—but she's a young, headstrong girl, and I fear that, although she had outwardly yielded to her father's wishes, she had clandestinely kept up a correspondence with Mr. Herbert. Last Thursday evening she went out unattended and since then we have not heard from her—not a word. We can only surmise—my husband and I—that they have eloped."

"Do you happen to know," Hatch asked, "if Miss Meredith attended the Randolph ball on Thursday evening?"

"No, I hardly believe she went there," Mrs. Greyton replied. "She has had no costume of any sort made. No; I am positive she has eloped with Mr. Herbert, but I should like to hear from her to satisfy myself and explain to her parents. We did not permit Mr. Herbert to come here, and it will be very hard to explain."

"I don't suppose it possible that Miss Meredith has returned to Baltimore?" Hatch asked.

"Oh, no!" was the positive reply. "Her father there telegraphed to her today—I opened it—saying he would be here probably to-night."

Then Hatch took his shame in his hand and excused himself. The maid attended him to the door.

"How much is it worth to you to know if Miss Meredith went to the masked ball?" asked the maid cautiously.

Hatch extended his hand. She took a ten-dollar bill which lay there and secreted it in some remote recess of her being.

"Miss Meredith did go to the ball," she said. "She went there to meet Mr. Herbert. They had arranged to elope."

"What did she wear?" asked Hatch.

"Her costume was that of a Western Girl," the maid responded.

V

PONDERING all these things deeply, Hatch's next move was to run up to see Dick Herbert. He was too self-absorbed to notice that the blinds of the house were drawn. He rang and after a long time a man-servant answered the bell.

"Mr. Herbert here?" Hatch asked.

"Yes, sir, he's here," replied the servant, "but I don't know if he can see you. He is not very well, sir."

"Who is it, Blair?" came Herbert's voice from the top of the stair.

"Mr. Hatch, sir."

"Come up, Hatch!" Dick called cordially. "Glad to see you. I'm so lonesome here I don't know what to do with myself."

The reporter ran up the steps and into Dick's room.

"Not that one," Dick smiled as Hatch reached for his right hand. "It's out of business. Try this one——" And he offered his left.

"What's the matter?" Hatch inquired.

"Little hurt, that's all," said Dick. "Sit down. I got it knocked out the other night and I've been here in this big house alone with Blair ever since. The doctor told me not to venture out yet. It has been lonesome, too. All the folks are away up in Nova Scotia, and took the other servants along. How are you, anyhow?"

Hatch sat down and stared at Dick thoughtfully. Herbert was a good-looking, forceful person of twenty-eight or thirty, and a corking right-guard. Now he seemed a little washed out, and there was a sort of pallor beneath the natural tan. He was a young man of family, unburdened by superlative wealth, but possessing in his own person the elements of success.

"I came up here to say something to you in my professional capacity," the reporter began at last; "and, frankly, I don't know how to say it"

Dick straightened up in his chair with a startled expression on his face.

"Have you been reading the papers?" the reporter asked—"that is, during the last couple of days?"

"Yes"

"Of course, then, you've seen the stories about the Randolph robbery?"

Dick smiled a little.

"Yes," he said. "Clever, wasn't it?"

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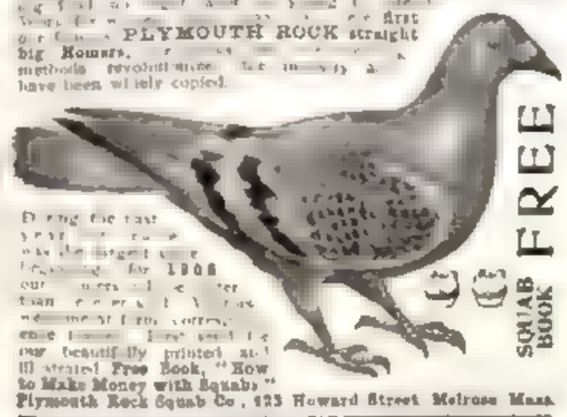

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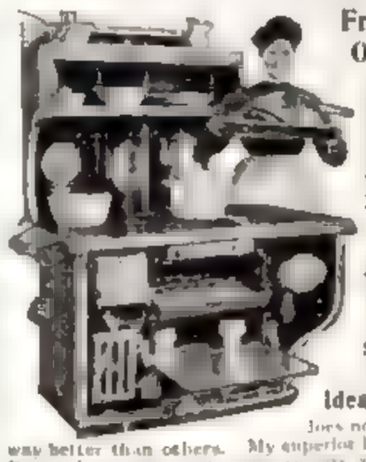

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"It was," Hatch responded enthusiastically. "It was." He was silent for a moment as he accepted and lighted a cigarette. "It doesn't happen," he went on, "that, by any possible chance, you know anything about it, does it?"

"Not beyond what I saw in the papers. Why?"

"I'll be frank and ask you some questions, Dick," Hatch resumed in a tone which betrayed his discomfort. "Remember I am here in my official capacity—that is, not as a friend of yours, but as a reporter. You need not answer the questions if you don't want to."

Dick arose with a little agitation in his manner and went over beside the window.

"What is it all about?" he demanded. "What are the questions?"

"Do you know where Miss Dorothy Meredith is?"

Dick turned suddenly and glared at him with a certain lowering of his eyebrows which Hatch knew from the football days.

"What about her?" he asked.

"Where is she?" Hatch insisted.

"At home, so far as I know. Why?"

"She is not there," the reporter informed him, "and the Greytons believe that you eloped with her."

"Eloped with her?" Dick repeated. "She is not at home?"

"No. She's been missing since Thursday evening—the evening of the Randolph affair. Mr. Greyton has asked the police to look for her, and they are doing so now, but quietly. It is not known to the newspapers—that is, to the other newspapers. Your name has not been mentioned to the police. Now, isn't it a fact that you did intend to elope with her on Thursday evening?"

Dick strode feverishly across the room several times, then stopped in front of Hatch's chair.

"This isn't any silly joke?" he asked fiercely.

"Isn't it a fact that you did intend to elope with her on Thursday evening?" the reporter went on steadily.

"I won't answer that question."

"Did you get an invitation to the Randolph ball?"

"Yes."

"Did you go?"

Dick was staring straight down into his eyes.

"I won't answer that, either," he said after a pause.

"Where were you on the evening of the masked ball?"

"Nor will I answer that."

When the newspaper instinct is fully aroused a reporter has no friends. Hatch had forgotten that he ever knew Dick Herbert. To him the young man was now merely a thing from which he might wring certain information for the benefit of the palpitating public.

"Did the injury to your arm," he went on after the approved manner of attorney for the prosecution, "prevent your going to the ball?"

"I won't answer that."

"What is the nature of the injury?"

"Now, see here, Hatch," Dick burst out, and there was a dangerous undertone in his manner, "I shall not answer any more questions—particularly that last one—unless I know what this is all about. Several things happened on the evening of the masked ball that I can't go over with you or any one else, but as for me having any personal knowledge of events at the masked ball—well, you and I are not talking of the same thing at all."

He paused, started to say something else, then changed his mind and was silent.

"Was it a pistol-shot?" Hatch went on calmly.

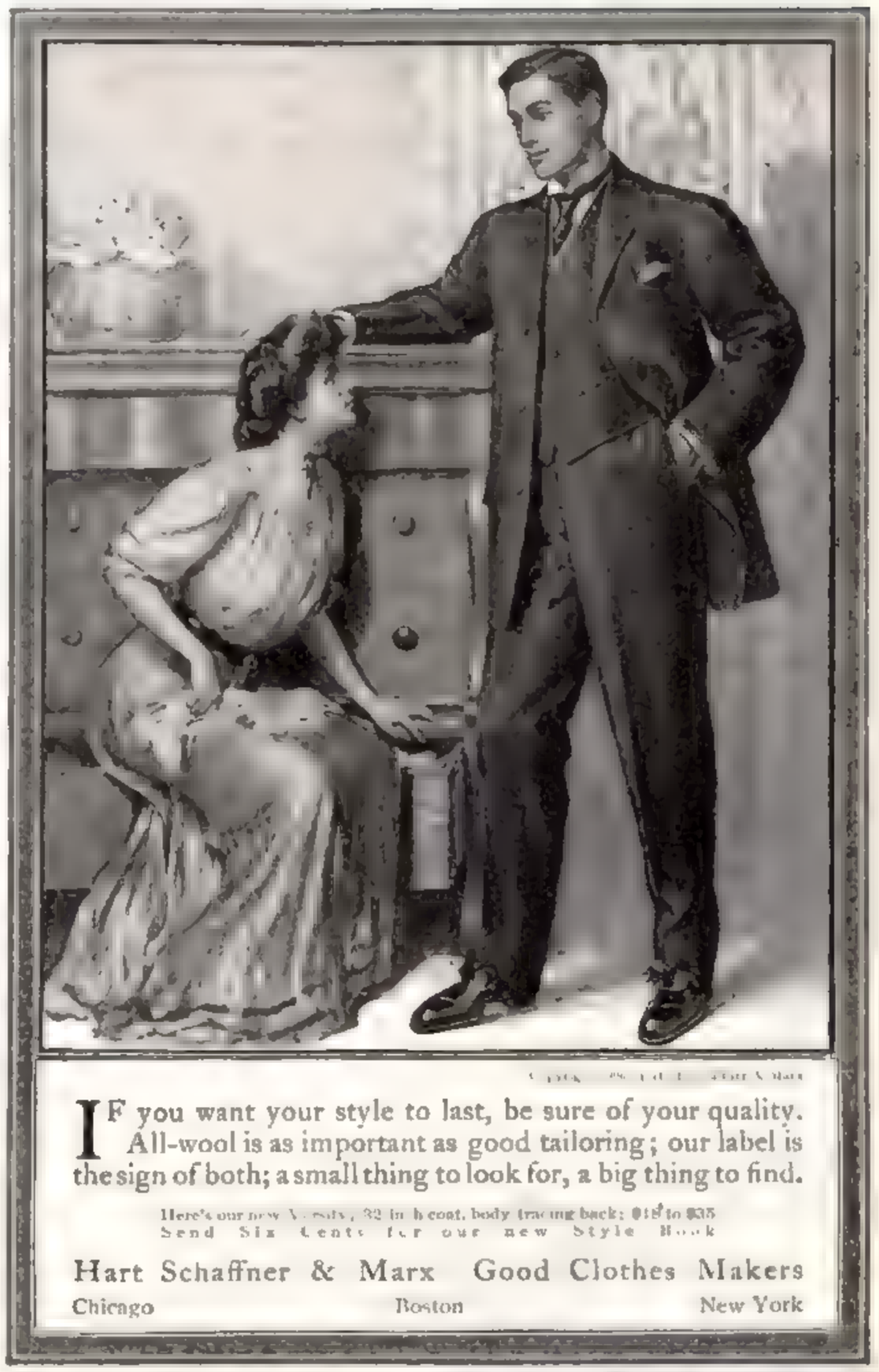
Dick's lips were compressed to a thin line as he looked at the reporter, and he controlled himself only by an effort.

"Where did you get that idea?"

Hatch would have hesitated a long time before he told him where he got that idea; but vaguely it had some connection with the fact that at least two shots were fired at the Burglar and the Girl when they raced away from Seven Oaks.

While the reporter was rummaging through his mind for an answer to the question there came a rap at the door and Blair appeared with a card. He handed it to Dick, who glanced at it, looked a little surprised, then nodded. Blair disappeared. After a moment there were footsteps on the stairs and Stuyvesant Randolph entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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"Fun for a — — the year

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THE UNDERLING

(Continued from Page 7)

At the top a date was expressed in numerals, thus: "5-11-98." Below was written, without lifting the pen from the paper, "W. B. Buckley, twenty-five shares, one-sixty."

Lundy stared at the slip of paper a good full minute; then tilted his head to look up at the bulky man beside his chair.

"May 12, 1898, you say?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. May 12, 1898!" Buckley reiterated.

"Mr. Chairman," said the assistant cashier, "for ten years I have never failed to take my yearly vacation the first three weeks of May. I can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was not in Washington May 12, 1898. Beyond the shadow of a doubt!"

The chairman laughed—a smooth, good-humored laugh of his own. "I haven't the shadow of a doubt now," he said.

Senator Brainbridge beamed an open admiration upon the witness.

Buckley was evidently struck amidships. He picked up his memorandum and looked at it stupidly. "It's dated the eleventh. I went to the bank the day after I got it," he said, in a dull bewilderment, and drew his large hand across his brows. He started, confusedly, to explain. "Maybe I'm mixed up about the date." His blank eye fell upon the chairman's smiling countenance, and he seemed to realize that he had quite lost his game. "Lundy, you're a poor man the same's I am. You know I've told the truth. For God's sake tell the truth yourself!" he cried out in passionate despair.

"I never saw that memorandum before, nor any stock-ledger," said Lundy.

"The hour of adjournment has passed," Senator Brambridge observed incidentally.

"The committee stands adjourned," said the chairman.

A newspaper correspondent laughed and observed audibly: "Fell right through his boots, didn't he?"

Lundy went out to the street-car absent-mindedly. He was aware that he had acquitted himself with high credit; yet the sense of triumph mysteriously failed him. That objectionable person, Buckley, seemed to have shattered it with his last impassioned plea. Buckley, to be sure, was a dirty dog and a blackmailer. Yet he had someway managed to disturb the equilibrium of the faithful servitor.

Mr. Cooper was waiting for his subordinate. Lundy closed the door of the president's room behind him and related what had taken place. Here again he tried to work up the sense of victory which should have been his, yet hardly succeeded at it. "You see," he explained, "after I'd looked at it a minute I remembered how Tracey and I had fixed up a cipher—for the things weren't to be signed even by an initial. The numerals—five and two ones—really meant twenty-five shares. Of course Buckley, who has been drunk most of the time since, thought it was really the date, as it looked to be. I remembered that, and upset him." Lundy smiled—nervously.

Cooper comprehended the spiritual disturbance which was expressed in the wan and tremulous character of the smile. "I guess you know the facts in that Postal Facilities affair as well as I do, Sam," he said, kindly and comfortingly. "It was a pretty raw piece of graft at first, with a lot of Department fellows, Congressmen and so on, owning the stock of the company. John Farmer was wise enough to see that there'd be a big scandal about it some day—a scandal, by George, that might come out in the crisis of an election, and not only wreck a lot of individual reputations but hurt the party fearfully. What did he do? Some men would have rushed off to the grand jury—or sent a message to Congress exposing it all, and swelled up their chests when the newspapers praised them for it. But not John Farmer, Sam. That wasn't his way. He set to work quietly and ably, like the great, practical statesman he was, to get the danger out of the way. He went to the Patent Rights people and said to them, 'This Postal Facilities concern is a pretty good thing. I want you to buy it.' And he went to the Postal stockholders and said, 'This won't do. It will be found out that you men who are connected with the Government own this concern, and there'll be a big row over it. I'll see that you get a fair price for your stock. You sell.' So the stockholders weren't hurt any. They did get a good price for their shares. And

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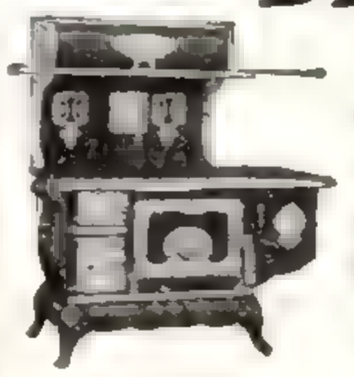

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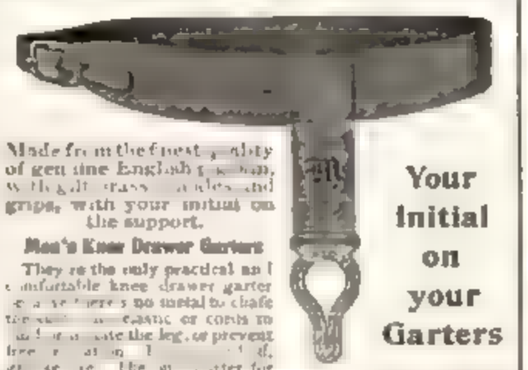

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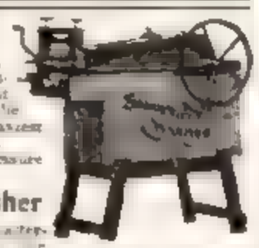

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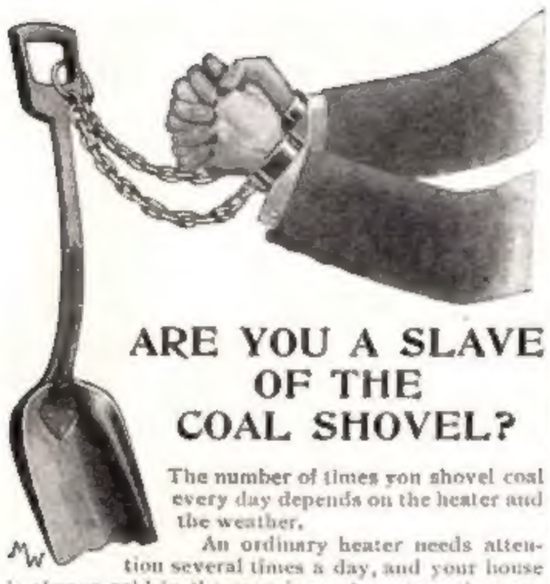

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the Patent Rights people are satisfied with their purchase. And there you are—with everybody pleased, and the Postal Facilities Company owned entirely outside of Washington and all danger of a scandal averted. That was John Farmer, Sam—the greatest practical statesman of our time! And I needn't tell you that John never made a cent of profit out of it personally. His only aim was to cure a dangerous situation without getting anybody sore. Do you think the men up there"—he nodded toward the Capitol—"will let a blackguard like Buckley traduce his memory? Not much! He was right, Sam!"

"Yes, I guess he was," said Lundy, half-absently.

"Of course, to do what Farmer had in mind it was necessary to go carefully—have the stock pass through the hands of third parties and so on; cover the trail, you might say. For my part, I'm proud, by George, to have been able to help him a bit, in that way, in doing what was the wisest thing. I think we all ought to be proud to have helped him."

"Senator Farmer was a mighty good friend to me," said Lundy with real feeling. "Of course, I was glad to help him."

"Sure! Sure!" said Cooper heartily and conclusively. Nevertheless, he took a turn about the room; glanced cautiously at the closed door, and, returning to the assistant cashier, spoke in a lower tone. "I guess we best get that stock-ledger out of the way, Sam. Chuck it in the fire. H'm. I'll get the janitor and the furnace-man out of the way."

A little later Mr. Cooper stepped from his own office to the den of the assistant cashier. "All right, Sam," he said briskly, under his breath. "Nobody down there now!"

The assistant cashier sprang up and went hastily to the document vault. It was necessary to move a stack of dusty old account-books before he could get at the tin box he wanted. Having secured it, his fingers trembled so that the key staggered ineffectually over the padlock for a moment, and he bit his lip to steady himself. The box contained some stock certificates in an envelope and a fat little stock-ledger of modest proportions. He replaced the hidden box, put the envelope in his inner pocket and whipped the stock-ledger under his coat. Several clerks noticed him as he hurried down the long aisle, behind the counter, between the tellers' cages and the serried desks of the bookkeepers.

"Lundy must have a bite," one of them observed, humorously, to another.

Opening the door behind the lavatory, the assistant cashier sped down the iron stairs that led to the cellarage. It was very still and dim down there. The two electrics that were burning, one on either side, showed the bare stone walls and the cement floor; also shadows in the corners. It required both hands to open the ponderous furnace-door, and the fat little stock-ledger fell to the floor with a dull thump. In sharp contrast with the dimness of the basement, an incandescent bed of coal glowed within the furnace. It looked intensely alive, and seemed to invite him to come on and do his sin. He tossed in the envelope. A red burst of flame instantly licked it up. A little flock of red flakes scurried upward, like the affrighted souls of the secrets he was killing. But they went into nothing before the draft could carry them away. His heart was thumping heavily against his ribs as he caught up the stock-ledger. Even then he appreciated, in a lump, what it was. The little book contained some names in high repute—even of a man who was once a Cabinet officer, and of the near relative of a still greater official. He tore the pages in handfuls and tossed them to the consuming fire. Last he threw in the pasteboard covers, and watched them scorch, curl up, melt, waste away in the fierce heat. Then he closed the furnace-door.

He had been collected in the witness-chair; but this act of physical destruction, this dismembering of the corpse, left him unstrung and trembling. The hand was weak with which he wiped the sweat from his brow. His lip felt odd. He put a nerveless, shaking finger to it. The finger came away with a little stain of blood, where he had bitten his lip. He stared at the stain, and someway suddenly realized himself—Samuel Lundy, the individual soul—in the still dimness of the basement. What was John Farmer's admirable system to him that he should perjure himself for it? What had he to do

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He did not know, and it left him with an oddly isolated sense. He went upstairs; washed his hands and face slowly. He was troubled by an obscure idea which he could not quite formulate. It was, vaguely, that he lived mostly to himself, had comparatively little social intercourse with others; yet, in fact, he knew himself as little as he knew anybody else; was on no more social terms with his own soul than with any other soul—as though, in a crisis, Samuel Lundy had accosted him and he had been obliged to say: "Sir, your face is certainly familiar; but I must confess I can't recall your name."

He returned to his desk and took up his tasks mechanically, while he contemplated the bewilderment in the back of his mind. He was even abstracted to the point of forgetting what day it was and the hour, and of not hearing the gallant cashier go to open the small bronze gate in the counter.

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My suspicions were, of course, allayed, and I proceeded to our files for the information.

My partner was present, and asked me casually who the person at the telephone was and what was wanted. He was older in the business than I was, and his suspicions were aroused at what I told him. He went to the telephone and questioned the person sharply.

"Well," he said, "we'll give you the information, but not over the telephone. Call at the office this afternoon at four o'clock, with your credentials, and we will be glad to give you the address."

The anxious inquirer replied that he would be there.

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I WANT you to let me send this Handsome Waist (newest fall style) *entirely at my risk.*

I don't want you to send me a cent of money—I simply want you to *see* my waist with your *own eyes*, to *feel* of it, test the *quality* of the goods, and to notice how *stylish* and *well made* it is.

When you have thoroughly convinced yourself that my waist is a *rare bargain* for any one at $2.50, and that the best dressed woman in your neighborhood would be *proud* to wear it—then pay $1.50 and the waist is yours.

But if you are not thoroughly convinced after seeing the waist that it is worth *twice* what I ask, simply tell your expressman to return it to us at our expense. Don't pay *him* anything—and don't pay *us* anything, for you *won't owe anything*.

I can make this kind of an offer because my bargains are REAL BARGAINS—not "make believe," and because they ARE real bargains, I am safe in saying pay only if you are pleased and not otherwise. MY way you don't risk anything; I risk *everything*.

There is no "catch" about this—it's a straight bargain for those who appreciate STYLE and VALUE. To take advantage of it, simply write for "Style 26" waist, and give me your name, address and bust measure—that's all.

This waist is one of the newest and most attractive waists ever shown; made from a new imported cotton fabric called **Italian Repp**. Especially adapted for waists. Similar in weave to Poplin. Looks well, wears well, and is easily laundered. Just the waist for early Fall wear. The front is decorated with clusters of **embroidered medallions**, an attractive design as shown, set off at the sides and above the bust line with small tucks. The open back is finished with six Tom Thumb tucks. Tucked attached collar; latest style full sleeves with long gauntlet cuffs, tucked. It must be seen to be fully appreciated.

STYLE BOOK, Absolutely Free. This shows the correct styles for Fall and Winter in everything for women and children—Coats, Suits, Millinery, Underwear, Corsets, Hosiery, Furs, Shoes, etc.

Get full particulars of our Co-operative PROFIT-SHARING PLAN, whereby you can secure many useful and valuable articles for the home **absolutely free** of cost.

Write for the Style Book today.

Address personally, **J. ALVIN TODD, President, TODD, SMITH & CO., 236-238 Monroe St., CHICAGO**

Savage 22 Repeater

MODEL 1903

Every sportsman should know of the good qualities of its particular points of superiority. It is hammerless, thus minimizing the danger from ordinary gun-accidents. It's magazine system consists of a clip holding 7 shots, which, when empty, can be quickly removed and a loaded magazine almost instantly inserted, which insures rapid firing. This gun is also made to "Take Down" in a practical way, quickly and easily. 24 inch Octagon Barrel. Pistol Grip. Weight 8¼ lbs.

At your dealer's or from us direct for $12.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY

79 Turner St., Utica, New York, U. S. A.

All shipments prepaid.

The Pratt Teachers' Agency 70 Fifth Ave. New York.

Positions in public and private schools and colleges procured for teachers. Parents advised about schools. **Write for particulars.**

BOOK ON DOGS, FREE!

Gives home treatment for dogs when sick or well.

Dr A. C. DANIELS, 168 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Bull Dog **SUSPENDERS**

outwear three pairs of other kinds. **At 50c. the pair,** we know that Bull Dog Suspenders are the biggest thing in suspender economy. One pair given a thorough test is sufficient to convince any man. Made in light and heavy weights. Youths', Regular, and Extra Length sizes. Ask your dealer; if he hasn't them, we will send them postpaid for 50c.

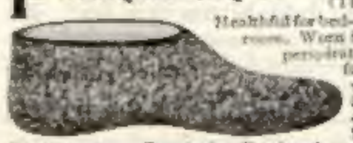
HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 6, 87 Lincoln St., Boston

Send for FREE Booklet—"Correct Dress and Suspender Styles."

PARKER'S ARCTIC SOCKS

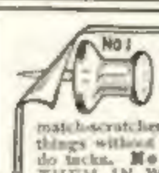
(TRADE MARK) Reg.



Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c. a pair. Parker pays postage.

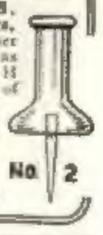
Catalogue free. **Look for Parker's name in every pair.**

J. H. Parker, Dept. 67, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.



Moore Push-Pins

For hanging up **CALENDARS, small pictures, draperies, posters,** match-scratchers, tooth-brushes and innumerable other things without disfiguring wood or plaster walls as do tacks. **No hammer needed:** YOU PUSH THEM IN WITH YOUR FINGERS. Made of **STEEL** and polished **GLASS;** strong and ornamental. Can be used over and over. Sold at stationery, house-furnishing, notion and photo-supply stores, or mailed prepaid for 10c. per packet of ½ doz., or **30c per box of one doz.** No. 1 or No. 2 like cuts. **Moore Push-Pin Co., 191 S. 11th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**



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Engineer	$30	Correspondent	$20	Stenographer	$20

Write for free list of other positions.

Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, N. Y.

STARK TREES ARE FAMOUS

wherever planted; are planted everywhere trees are grown. Free Catalog of superb fruits—Black Ben, King David, Delicious, etc.—**Stark Bro's, Louisiana, Mo.**

Sy-Clo

TRADE MARK

The Mark of Closet Sanitation

What disinfection means to the surgeon—what vaccination means to the public health—all that and more does the Sy-clo Closet mean to the sanitation of the home. The Sy-clo is more than the best closet—it is a wonderfully efficient and perpetual safeguard of health.

Unlike the ordinary closet, the Sy-clo has a double cleaning action. Instead of being merely flushed, its bowl is instantly and completely emptied by a powerful syphonic *pull* from below, and at the same time, thoroughly washed by a copious flush of water from above. The outlet of the Sy-clo closet is closed by a water seal of unusual depth that makes the escape of sewer gas impossible.

Being of a single piece of hand-moulded china, the Sy-clo is without crack, seam or crevice that might collect impurity and furnish a breeding place for germs of disease.

The Sy-clo closet has no surface to chip off or crack, is not affected by acid, water, or wear, and with ordinary care will outlast the building in which it is installed.

The name "Sy-clo" on a closet guarantees that it is made under the direction and supervision of the Potteries Selling Company, of the best materials, and with the aid of the best engineering skill, and has the united endorsement of eighteen of the leading potteries of America.

Booklet on "Household Health" sent free if you mention the name of your plumber.

Lavatories of every size and design made of the same material as the Sy-clo closets.

POTTERIES SELLING COMPANY,
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606 miles of Michigan's sandy roads in less than one day with absolutely no repair, adjustment or replacement except one tire—is the world's record established by the 1907 Packard on May 31st.

THE RECORD

LEFT	ARRIVED	ELAPSED TIME	RUNNING TIME
Detroit 12 Midnight	Chicago 11.00 A. M.	11 hrs.	10 hrs. 13 min. 40 sec.
Chicago 12 Noon	Detroit 10.50 P. M.	10.50	10 hrs. 22 min.
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Note the wonderfully consistent running. The elapsed and running times in each direction vary only ten minutes and nine minutes respectively on the two runs of 303 miles each. The average speed maintained throughout the entire 606 miles is approximately 30 miles per hour.

Price (in standard colors and equipment) $4,200 f. o. b. Factory.

Special colors, Upholstery and Equipment, Extra.

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Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

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"White" is not always white; Clean is not always "clean."

This paper may look white to you until you place something whiter beside it. Try it with a sheet of white notepaper or piece of chalk

This is the jar the druggist sells for home use.

Your skin may look clean after washing—until you see the left-in dirt that Pompeian Massage Cream will bring out of the pores

Just as this paper looks white until it is compared with something whiter, so your skin may look clean after you have washed it, until you try a Pompeian massage and see the left-in dirt that it brings out.

You have been washing with soap and water, but still the dirt remained. You *thought* your skin was *clean*, but wondered why it was sallow and why the wrinkles grew more in evidence every year.

Pompeian Massage Cream

gently rubbed *in* and then as gently rubbed *out* will bring with it *the dirt that soap has never touched*, nourishes the skin, puts the rosy blood into the cheeks—lets nature do its perfect work.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

and our illustrated book on Facial Massage, showing how to keep the skin in a natural, healthy condition, free from blackheads and other imperfections.

Ladies appreciate Pompeian Massage Cream because it gives a bright, clear complexion, by stimulating the circulation, and keeping the pores free from dust and dirt, which mere soap and water only partially remove.

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This is the jar the barber buys.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible. Do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, send us his name, and we will send a 50c. or $1.00 jar of the Cream postpaid, on receipt of price.

POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Pompeian Massage Soap is a delight to any one who appreciates a soap of the very highest quality.

The Test of a Confection

As the eye is the test of beauty and the ear of sweet sounds, so the palate is the final test of confection-goodness.

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

triumphantly pass this test at thousands of tables each day, and each day their melting delicacy proves anew to thousands of cultured palates that there is but one perfect dessert confection—Nabisco.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO—A confection in the form of an almond shell concealing a sweet temptation to which everyone may yield with pleasure.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Deelighted !!

Because - biscuit day will be a red letter day in this house, and next Friday the bread will be good; and when the pies are baked the pastry will be perfect; and if they want rolls, the rolls will be gorgeous; and our grocer brings GOLD MEDAL FLOUR - and that's reason enough to be "Deelighted."

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR